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The Essence of a Bargain

EVER since the initiative taken last autumn by M. Mendès-France, Western statesmen have agreed that ratification of the Paris Agreements should be followed, sooner or later, by a fresh diplomatic approach to the Soviet Union. There was no unanimity on the procedure likely to yield the best results: indeed, the choice between a "top level" conference, which would catch the world's imagination, and a more pedestrian (but in America's view more practical) series of talks begun by officials and working up gradually through Foreign Ministers to Heads of States, was always difficult to make. But for the coincidence of a British general election, there might well have been more "dragging of feet"; and it goes without saying that the promptness with which the Big Three agreed this week to send the Kremlin an invitation to a "top level" meeting serves Sir Anthony's electoral purposes well: he can now claim that Mr. Attlee has no monopoly of a desire to seek peace. The potentialities, however, for good or ill, of the step now taken are what really matters.

The meeting now proposed must clearly be regarded as a curtain-raiser. In a brief conference, Heads of States cannot possibly be expected to reach detailed agreements on the complex problems—the future of Germany, relations with China, limitation and control of armaments—which must be solved before peaceful co-existence in the world can be regarded as assured. Agreement to suspend hydrogen-bomb tests is a possibility, and would be an encouraging gesture. This apart, all we can hope for is a general affirmation of what Sir Winston called "the wish and the will" to negotiate on issues which it will be the "top level" conference's task to define for "working parties."

Speaking at Leeds on Monday, Sir Anthony said that he had always believed that the "unity and strength" of the West, through ratification of the Paris Agreements, would open the door for negotiations. He saw, indeed, "the first fruits of ratification in the Soviet change of attitude on Austria." The Prime Minister was begging many large questions. It may, of course, be argued that a shift in the Soviet line can be deduced from an article published last Friday in *Pravda*. In this a hint was dropped that it might not yet be "too late" to prevent such a re-militarisation of Western Germany as would irrevocably bar all chance of German unity. This week's conference in Warsaw of the Eastern Bloc is clearly intended to demonstrate that the "unity and strength" of the West is matched on the other side of the Oder; and, unlike Sir Anthony, we do not interpret the Austrian settlement as a sign of Russia's weakening. It does, however, suggest that Moscow is willing to bargain.

Is the West? If its attitude is that "strength" is only now beginning to "pay-off," and that consequently the correct approach to the Soviet Union is now simply to demand assent to Western terms, the Four-Power conferences had better never be held. An essential factor in their success is Western readiness to give something away, if the Russians are really prepared to reciprocate. Whether Moscow is genuinely willing, for example, to accept all-German elections under conditions which could really be regarded as "free," or is inclined to explore the larger idea of creating, on the new "Austrian model," a whole "neutral" bloc of Central European States, all guaranteed by a general European Security Pact, remains to be seen. The trouble is that the one concession from the West on which Moscow will almost certainly concentrate is that the process of integrating a "re-militarised" Germany in the West should be halted. Sir Anthony may say that this would destroy the "strength" from which the West is setting out to negotiate; but it is by no means certain that—if it becomes a choice for Germany between unity and Nato—the present Chancellor will have the last word. That is the weakness of the Western position.

The News in Review

At Home

Less than two weeks from polling day, neither the party machines nor the electorate had shaken off the apathy which lay over the early stages of the campaign. Meetings have had moderate attendances and TV has so far failed to hold audiences on the expected scale, but both sides have been reserving their main forces until the conclusion of this week's local elections. In these, Labour losses from the peak of 1952 have not been sufficient to give much encouragement to the Tories, though the opinion polls show that the Conservatives are edging upwards.

The Tory Party obviously hopes to gain from a quiet campaign—complacency has always helped Tory governments in the past—and the fact that policy is virtually bi-partisan on more serious issues such as the H-bomb, Germany and the Far East undoubtedly reduces electoral fever. Labour's problem, it seems, is how to arouse sufficient interest to secure a high poll; and unless the final stages of the campaign throw up a sharp issue, the outcome in the hundred marginal constituencies will depend on the relative ability of the machines to get their more apathetic supporters to the poll. In this, the superiority of the Tory organisation, which has far larger staffs and much more money to spend, may prove decisive.

Will strikes become the unexpected issue in the election? With unofficial stoppages by Yorkshire miners and Merseyside tugmen supplemented by a threatened dock strike by the Stevedores, Conservative spokesmen have been gingerly trying out the theme of "action" against "Communist agitators." Though industrial "lawlessness" may seem a good stick to beat the Labour Party, both Sir Walter Monckton and Mr. Butler have been more hesitant than some local Tory candidates. Neither of them wants to antagonise the trade unions nor, on the eve of polling, to scare trade union voters with the threat of new restrictive action or legislation. And both of them are undoubtedly aware that bad industrial relations may reflect as much on the government of the day—and it has been Sir Walter's special task to keep the unions happy—as they may embarrass the trade unions, who are themselves plagued by unofficial strikers. A campaign against "Communists" may be good stuff for the floating voter; but the Tories would be wise to think twice before launching such an election stunt.

Electoral considerations are unlikely to weigh heavily with Mr. Barrett and his Stevedores, who are now fighting for their union's life against the T. & G.W. Though no one knows how many members the N.A.S.D. has now recruited outside London, it is now demanding recognition as a bargaining agent by the port employers who have previously dealt only with the T. & G.W. Recently, in Manchester, the N.A.S.D. successfully defeated any attempt to prevent its members from being registered in a port hitherto organised solely by the T. & G.W. Though the inter-union dispute is regrettable, can refusal to recognise a legitimate union be justified?

Meanwhile, in Yorkshire, the obduracy of the coal strike is a reflection of two factors—the miners' irritation at the slow working of conciliation machinery in local or pit disputes, and the failure, so far, of the N.C.B. and N.U.M., between them, to rationalise the inherited and inordinately complex structure of piecework payments. The skilled colliers working at the face feel strongly that their differentials, as compared with less skilled day-wage men, should be improved; and they have a strong case. With earnings dependent on a multiplicity of contract prices for "getting and filling," for fixing props, for dealing with roof-falls and so forth, under conditions which vary from seam to seam and from week to week, the scope for wrangles over pay-packets is immense. The task of revising piece-rates on more sensible lines is being tackled by the Board and the Union; but the strikers are unwilling to await the results of the revision—without "something on account." There are stiff necks in Yorkshire.

With September 22 now announced as the starting date for commercial TV, an interesting feature in the scheme is the formation of Independent Television News Limited. This private company, controlled jointly by the programme contractors, is to provide viewers with a service both of spot news and "radio newsreel" comment. Mr. Aidan Crawley is to be editor-in-chief, and will be assisted (we understand) by Mr. Richard Goold Adams, now on the staff of the *Economist*—a combination which should secure fair objectivity.

While, on Friday, Parliament devoted its last sitting to a debate on Cyprus, in Paphos eleven Cypriots were sentenced to terms of one to twelve years' imprisonment for preparing to overthrow the Government by force and for smuggling arms and explosives. Labour speakers in the debate urged that a political solution be sought before terrorism became an accepted method of struggle in the island. Mrs. Jeger proposed an immediate conference between the Governor, the Archbishop, the mayors and trade union leaders. For the Government, Mr. d'A. Hopkinson said that the Cypriots were "mesmerised by unrealistic political aims" and asked them to accept British rule "unimpaired" in return for the "boom conditions" that would be created by the use of Cyprus as a base. The Colonial Secretary, Mr. Lennox-Boyd, sought to win over Cypriot voters in Mrs. Jeger's marginal constituency by threatening them with the loss of British passports and their conscription into the Greek Army if Labour should grant Enosis.

Eire's 1955-56 Budget, writes our Dublin correspondent, was dexterous, unspectacular and unconstructive. By deducting £3m. from estimated expenditure as "over-estimation," Mr. Sweetman, the Finance Minister, balanced his accounts after modest concessions to pensioners and income tax payers with children. The Minister, however, had nothing to say about Eire's real problems—the chronic lack of capital for economic expansion, and the under-utilisation of the soil. The Coalition's promised "new approach" to capital investment seems to have been quietly forgotten. Politically, an interesting point in the Budget was the decision to allow premiums for private health insurance to be deducted for income tax purposes. If this means that the Health Act, passed by the previous Government, is to be quietly interred, Labour's loyalty to the Coalition will be strained.

The response of readers to the questionnaire which we published a fortnight ago has been, and continues to be, good. In order that the survey may be as complete as possible, will readers who have not already done so please send in their forms now? (Spare questionnaires can be supplied on receipt of a postcard.)

International

Washington, Paris and London have clearly not yet succeeded in forming a common policy for Indo-China, or reconciling America's wholehearted support for Premier Diem with French insistence that the Government in Saigon must be "broadened." What they have done, apparently, is to encourage Bao Dai to produce his own plan: he would return as a constitutional monarch, and rule with a Government heavily weighted by his own family. Western intervention prevented a too clamant appeal in Saigon for Bao Dai's deposition last week; but the "revolutionary committee" uncompromisingly demanded a republic, and Diem's retort to the initiative from Cannes was that the Vietnamese people could not be fooled by a monarchy which meant "a return to the old colonial regime."

It looks indeed as if the talks in Paris had been by-passed by the latest move on Diem's part. Embarrassed, as well as under-pinned, by extravagant American support, the Prime Minister has formed a new Government composed mainly of unknown, unpolitical figures. It will, Diem says, demand that "our affairs no longer be discussed behind our backs," although it will be willing to talk over problems with friendly Powers "in so far as they concern both them and us." M. Faure will be even more anxious than Mr. Dulles to discover just what this means.

As for the Austrian State Treaty, the Ambassadors' conference in Vienna was making heavy weather, up to Wednesday, over the clauses relating to the ex-German assets and the oil fields. The Western Ambassadors were apparently arguing that, in the deal concluded between Herr Raab and Mr. Molotov, no account was paid to Western interests. The fact, however, that the Foreign Ministers were arranging to go to Vienna this week-end to sign the Treaty indicated that agreement between the Ambassadors—probably without great gains for the West—could be expected.

Meanwhile, in London, if we can accept *Tass* reports as accurate, the Soviet Union has tabled at the Disarmament Conference fresh proposals for a phased reduction of forces to agreed specific levels, under supervision by a permanent international control commission. These seem, on the face of it, realistic and encouraging. There is, however, apparently no Russian inclination to compromise on the demand for renunciation of use by States of atomic weapons—a demand difficult for the U.S. to swallow.

Overseas

In Germany, popular reaction to this week's diplomatic ceremonial seems to have been singularly unenthusiastic. Dr. Adenauer has got the *de jure* sovereignty for which he has worked so hard; and in Paris Rommel's former Chief of Staff, Hans Speidel, standing beside the Allied "top brass," has watched the black-red-gold standard of Western Germany hoisted alongside

the other SHAPE flags. But the vast majority of Western Germans feel deeply that if the Generals were "given the tools" to use as they thought fit, their achievement would be another, final *Zusammenbruch*. In staking everything on the ability of the West to achieve German unity, Dr. Adenauer risks much.

Last week-end, both Dr. Dibelius, the Evangelical Bishop of Berlin, and Herr Kummerness, President of the Transport Workers' Union, were warning their countrymen against the fatal delusion that armed force could solve problems. To the average German—quite apart from the unpalatable prospective cost of rearmament—the dominant problem is, and will continue to be, how to secure the reunification of the Reich, without risking an international conflict which would destroy all the fruits of the last ten years' labours.

The "action programme," which the Social-Democratic Party has just produced to this end, appears to be based on the hope, first, of a Four-Power guarantee of German territory. That secured, it is suggested that the provision by Germany of an armed contribution to Nato should be halted; that free all-German elections should be held; and that a united Germany should, of its sovereign will, but "by previous agreement," exclude itself from any military alliance or commitments save such as might be involved in a future European Security Pact.

The programme is vague in some details—*e.g.*, the size of Germany's own army, and the question of the Eastern Frontier and the "lost" provinces. But that some such plan is likely to command wide support in Western Germany may be inferred from the fact that the *Frankfurter Allgemeine*, a leading journal of the Free Democrats, is now arguing on somewhat similar lines, with the added suggestion—also being canvassed in London—that a neutralised united Germany might be matched by Russian agreement to the "neutralisation" of other Central European States.

PAKISTAN'S constitutional dilemma has been resolved by the Federal Court's ruling that the Governor-General acted legally in dissolving the Constituent Assembly last year. Nothing now stands in the way of framing a Constitution and making plans for the country's first general election. The Constituent Assembly, when it meets shortly, will be starting almost from scratch; electoral rolls and all the paraphernalia of elections scarcely exist at the moment. The general calculation is that all this will take about a year.

Meanwhile important decisions have been taken which should avoid some of the earlier difficulties between East and West Pakistan. The principle of parity (40 members each) has been accepted in the new Constituent Assembly, and West Pakistan is being made into one administrative unit. On this last issue Pakistan has run into difficulties with Afghanistan, which protests that this threatens the seven million Pathans in the North-West; they, it is claimed, should have the right to set up a separate State of Paktoonistan. Demonstrations by crowds against the Pakistan Embassy in Kabul have worsened relations between the two countries. The Pakistanis need to integrate the country, not to become involved in an unreal issue of a separate State of Paktoonistan for which there is no demand by the people.

IN Italy, the fate of Signor Scelba's Government still hangs, as we write, in the balance. The choice of Professor Leone to succeed Signor Gronchi as President of the Chamber was a success for the anti-Scelba group in the Christian Democrat Party, whose continued dissensions make the Government's position precarious, even though the Saragat Socialists have withdrawn temporarily their threat to leave the Coalition.

HOPED-FOR expansion of Japan's trade with her main natural market, China, makes slow progress. The new trade agreement, which has just been signed, provides for an exchange of goods totalling £30 m. each way in the next twelve months; but it seems improbable that the agreement will be more than about half fulfilled, since nearly two-fifths of the goods for which China wants to place orders are on the embargoed list. A number of Japanese firms, who might have been expected to seek trade with China, are reported to have feared, rightly or wrongly, that if they accepted large Chinese orders, the U.S. might take retaliatory steps against their dollar assets.

THE U.S. Government, acting on the advice of its Surgeon-General, has wisely suspended the use of the Salk anti-polio vaccine. Some five million Americans have received the first of the three injections required, and among the vaccinated children there have been 52 cases of polio, 38 of them among children injected with vaccine prepared in the Cutter laboratory in California. Until further reports have been received from a special panel of medical experts, it will not be known whether the actual polio cases have been due to a defect in the Salk vaccine or only in the preparation of limited batches of it.

"Give US the tools—We'll finish the job!"

Paris

The Radicals Put the Clock Back

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The background to last week's special congress of the Radical Party, at which Mendès-France seized control of the party machinery, provides an illuminating glimpse into the workings of the French political system. Since the war, the Radical Party has changed its character; from being the arbiter of French politics, disposing of the votes of some 30 per cent. of the French electorate, it has become simply the arbiter of majorities. The working of the *apparentement* electoral law gives it some 75 seats, and thus makes its support indispensable to any Government; but its share of the electorate now averages 10 per cent. or less, and it is no longer capable of reflecting the general mood of the country, as it did in 1924, 1932 and 1936. This electoral decline has been accompanied by a shift in political direction: the Party has ceased to be the Right wing of every Left coalition and has become the Left wing of every Right one—an inherently weak position, since its formal anti-clericalism prevents it from making real gains on the Right.

One of the principal causes of this change is the immense growth in the C.P. electorate since the Thirties, which has automatically pushed all the other parties to the Right. But, in the case of the Radicals, the tendency has been increased by the deliberate policy of the party leadership. Since the war, this has been firmly in the hands of a group of "new" politicians, led by René Mayer and Martinaud-Déplat, who have little in common with the pre-war Radicals. They represent extremely narrow interests: *Paix et Liberté*, the anti-Communist big business organisation which controls Radical strongholds in the Paris area, and the North African lobby, which provides some 30 Radical deputies and senators. The Party's policy, in practice, has been limited to sustaining these interests; most of the great pre-war battle-cries—even anti-clericalism—have been dropped, and voting discipline has been conveniently abandoned. Its strength, in other words, is now based mainly on the *defects* of the French electoral and constitutional structure, and not on the Party's electoral appeal as such. This has inevitably produced criticism from the militants, and the gap between what may be called the "Fourth Republic Radicals" and the militant Left traditions of the Third Republic has been growing for some time. Mendès-France's defeat merely provided the occasion for a showdown, and it is significant that the coalition which defeated the

Party executive last week consisted not only of the young *Mendèsiste* militants, but also of senior Third Republic politicians such as Herriot and Daladier.

Mendès-France's victory, provided it is permanent, will thus mark a return to militant, Left-wing Radicalism, with a clear and detailed party programme and greatly increased party discipline. As such, it will produce profound changes in the French political structure. The results of the congress were applauded by *Le Populaire*, the official Socialist paper; and the new Radical programme, which Mendès-France's committee will present to the annual congress this autumn, will doubtless be elaborated in consultation with Socialist leaders—indeed, it now seems likely that the two parties will present joint candidates at the 1956 elections.

Whether the "opening to the Left" will go further is uncertain. In the local elections, C.P. voters were instructed to vote, on the second ballot, for large numbers of Socialist candidates and even, in some areas, for Radicals. These alliances were unequivocally denounced by Socialist headquarters, and the new Left coalition, as envisaged by Mendès-France, is specifically anti-C.P. (*l'Humanité* itself described the congress as a "transparent manoeuvre to deceive the workers"). But much water will flow under the bridges between now and next summer, and there are signs it is already flowing in this direction. The end of the Indo-China war, the settlement of the German rearmament problem and the general East-West *détente* have removed most of the major obstacles which separate the C.P. from the other Left parties. All that is left, in fact, is abuse and prejudices—and these could speedily be removed by the appearance of a common issue. The so-called *Projet St. Cyr*, which establishes State-aided clerical agricultural colleges, may provide such a catalyst. Some Right-wing leaders realise the dangers of reviving the schools issue (the country is still, in majority, anti-clerical) and the Government is trying to avoid a pitched battle by producing a compromise Bill. But most of the Independent and M.R.P. back-benchers, who have heavily committed themselves in their constituencies, are anxious to pass the *Projet* in its original form as soon as possible. If they get their way, the idea of a Popular Front may once more be canvassed.

New York

Peace Breaking Out?

Our New York Correspondent writes: At last, all but the fanatic Right wing are admitting that peace is breaking out. Even John Foster Dulles is echoing President Eisenhower's "sixth-sense hunch" that the world's prospects for survival have improved. He noted "an air of expectancy in the world today," when speaking to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee; he went on to say that "the time may be nearing when those who have been seeking the conquest of freedom will in fact put their foreign relations on a more tolerable basis." Soviet concessions on the Austrian Treaty have clearly contributed to this new mood. The realisation has thus finally dawned that world Communism does not necessarily have to depend on military coups to bring about social change, but can expect much from ideological and economic influences. It is on these levels that the Administration is dismally ineffectual.

Criticism is mounting over the spectacular new atomic tests which took place last week in Nevada. The Democrats complain that these tests create greater apprehension among America's allies than among her potential enemies. "No matter what excuses are offered for the tests," the Democratic *New York Post* said last week, "the productions invariably look to much of the world like a naked, intimidatory display of brute strength." The "nuclear device" exploded on Yucca Flat the day before was twice as powerful as the atom bombs dropped on Japan at the end of the war, having a force of some 35,000 tons of T.N.T. Even this was a squib as compared with a hydrogen bomb. Two thousand outside observers, including foreign military attachés and American Civil Defence workers, witnessed the blast, designed as much for its public relations effect as for research.

That the Administration's thinking is lagging in the transition from a cold war to a cold peace strategy is demonstrated by its European policy. Its chief political objective there remains the re-arming of Western Germany. The Democrats, led in private by Senators Kefauver and Lehman and by Governor Harriman, are said to be questioning that objective. The State Department, the argument runs, is still responding to a new situation with the clichés of a past emergency when German mobilisation may have seemed vital to the West. But, with the Russians holding out an attractive prospect for Germany comparable to the Austrian arrangement—freedom, demilitarisation, neutrality—the State Department is still depicting German troops as the saviours of Western Europe. This is not good enough, the Democrats assert. The Dulles formula in 1955 is virtually unchanged from the Acheson formula of 1949, but circumstances have changed. The strength from which to negotiate has now been achieved and what are needed are some ideas about which to negotiate.

Labour and the Farm Vote

With a number of marginal seats at stake in East Anglia and some other rural areas, Labour has issued, under the title *Full Harvest*, a concise statement of agricultural policy. It should appeal to reflective farmers and farm workers who realise that the Tory policy of hand-to-mouth but increasingly expensive subsidies is bound, in the end, to lead to the Nemesis of a taxpayers' revolt. Good points in the manifesto are the proposals for improving the procedure of the annual price reviews (these are at present hole-and-corner affairs in which the N.F.U. has far too big a say); for setting up a network of up-to-date public abattoirs; for improving farm workers' conditions and safety; and for protecting the tied-cottage tenant. More important still is the promised provision of more capital investment and special credit facilities for farm betterment. Where farm land is not being fully used through landlords' neglect, "the power of the 1947 Act will be used to bring it under public ownership."

On the baffling problem of farm prices and marketing, the statement is less satisfactory. The average elector, and even some farmers, may be puzzled to grasp the practical difference between the Tory system of deficiency payments and Labour's promise of fixed guaranteed prices. The chief difference, which Labour should stress, is that there are at present competitive markets in which buyers and sellers meet, and supply and demand settle the price; after that, the Government, having guaranteed a minimum standard price, makes up the deficiency when the market price, as is usually the case, falls below this minimum. Conversely, when the market price is above the minimum, as it sometimes is—*e.g.*, for the best-quality beef and lamb—the farmer gets the full market value and there is no deficiency payment. The Labour plan is to abolish competitive markets and to set up a statutory monopoly which would buy the whole supply at fixed prices varying with quality but unrelated to changes in supply and demand.

Neither party, however, is completely consistent. The Tories accept fixed guaranteed prices and a subsidised monopoly with no free market in the case of liquid milk; and Labour, for good reasons given in a document issued last year, plumps for deficiency payments, rather than fixed prices and monopoly buying, for barley, oats and rye. For milk and coarse grains the policies of the two parties are thus identical, and the difference narrows down to the treatment of wheat and meat.

In the case of wheat, a fairly strong case can be made out, mainly on balance-of-payments grounds, for a State monopoly of imports and for guaranteed fixed prices for the home crop, such as the country has had for the last fifteen years. Wheat and flour, unlike meat, are fairly standard commodities and the demand, as with milk, is regular and rather inelastic. Under the Labour plan the cost of home-produced and imported wheat and flour would be *averaged*; and this would presumably involve control or nationalisation of the grain trade and the milling industry. The question whether the full cost would be passed on to the consumer, or whether the present wheat and bread subsidies would be continued, is left open.

For meat the arguments in favour of a statutory monopoly are for technical reasons a good deal less convincing. Under the Labour plan, competitive markets, and in particular fat stock auction markets, would be discontinued. A Meat Trading Commission would buy all imported and home-produced meat, and would then be faced with the formidable problem of selling to the trade—whether at fixed prices or at fluctuating prices we are not told. So long as demand exceeds supply at the selling prices fixed by the monopoly, as was the case during the war, meat would presumably be allocated to retailers. But when, as has happened recently in the case of bacon, supply exceeds the demand and there is a virtual buyers' strike, what can the monopoly do except cut its selling prices with no certainty as to the response and in the process incur big losses at the expense of the taxpayer?

The real issue is whether the guaranteed prices for certain commodities, notably milk, pig meat and eggs, have not been raised too high under pressure from the N.F.U. Take pig meat, for example. Deficiency payments for home-produced pig meat, combined with the Government's trading losses on imported bacon, have been estimated for the coming year at about £80 million; judging by recent market trends, they may even reach £100 million. Some electors may wish to ask candidates how they propose to stop this outpouring of public money, for which a Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer is mainly responsible. Labour candidates will be well advised not to reply that the remedy is to restrict imports by State trading or otherwise. For that would merely mean passing on the burden of uneconomic farm prices from the taxpayer to the consumer. The right way to stop "spending unlimited public money on so-called producer subsidies" is to stop paying producers extravagant prices. We hope that is what a Labour Government will have the courage to do.

The TV Election—Round One

"It's a delight to come into your homes this evening." That's how we began. And "It's been wonderful coming into your homes" was how we ended. How many eminent politicians lusting for our votes are going to echo these sentiments during the next week or so. Yet in fact the words were spoken, not by a politician, but by Dr. Billy Graham as he conducted the *Epilogue* on TV the other Sunday. And Dr. Graham's performance seems as good a point to start from as any. It was superb, terrifyingly so: if either of the parties had a comparable television spellbinder, then, one feels, anything could happen in this general election.

Dr. Graham simply sat at his desk, faced us squarely, and talked for fifteen minutes. But talked is not quite the word: he put over a very cunning piece of rhetoric woven round such words as "joy," "happiness," "love," "the Bible," "Jesus." He had no adventitious aids; there was little movement of the cameras. He held us simply with those hypnotic eyes, those clean-cut American Hollywood film-star features with their faint suggestion of a Mickey Rooney grown well-groomed and serious. It was a much more impressive performance than that we saw some weeks ago from the Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, more impressive because there were no massed choirs, no enormous audience, no spiritual cheer-leaders. It was a solo act depending entirely on the speaker's remarkable, mesmeric personality.

Translated into politics, Dr. Graham represents the impact of television that we all fear. It seems reasonable to hold the image of him in our minds when we consider this TV and radio election. But perhaps already radio scarcely counts. So far, on sound we have heard Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. James Griffiths. Sir Anthony is not a natural broadcaster; he has never really succeeded in bridging the gulf between the public meeting and the solitariness and intimacy of the studio. All the same, he has, even on the air, one advantage: the advantage of being Eden. We all know his face, and listening to him we can, to some extent, supply the vision for ourselves.

With Mr. Griffiths I felt we lacked this; and how badly we wanted to see him. Mr. Griffiths's strength is in his moral fervour; he stands for the old ethical impulse in the Labour Party; and any man of good will, whatever his politics, must surely have respected his views and warmed to him as a human being. In terms of votes, though, what was his talk likely to mean? When he spoke of the old, and of the necessity to look after the old and improve their lot, he was moving; and my view, and those who listened with me, was that this part of his talk could scarcely fail to be effective. Then he went on to plead for the colonial peoples and the coloured peoples: we must help them even at the cost of self-sacrifice. Of course one honoured him for it; one agreed; it always needs to be said. One can only hope, somewhat dubiously, that the appeal to altruism wins votes.

And so to television. So far, we have seen Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Attlee. I found that the Tory members of my viewing panel and myself were in substantial agreement on Mr. Macmillan's performance. Naturally, they would have liked to praise; but they were disappointed. Mr. Macmillan, who, I thought, looked tired, and may very well have been, did not emerge as a figure one could respond to with any warmth. He rarely thawed sufficiently to smile. He addressed us as though retailing a series of self-evident propositions, and he did so, it seemed to me, with a monotony of upper-class under-statement and a paucity of vocabulary. Things had been "pretty grim," when the Tories came; all the same, he had "a pretty good story" to tell: "pretty," indeed, emerged as Mr. Macmillan's favourite adverb. Any doubts we might have he bluffly brushed aside; he was standing no nonsense from us at all; he was telling us.

Not easy, it seemed to me, to respond to him with sympathy. What came over, I am afraid, was a "boss-figure." Technically, I thought it a mistake to interrupt his appearance with a sequence of film-montage with another voice commenting. And I thought it wholly self-abnegatory of him and his Party not to have made much more of the developments in foreign affairs taking place almost at the moment he was speaking.

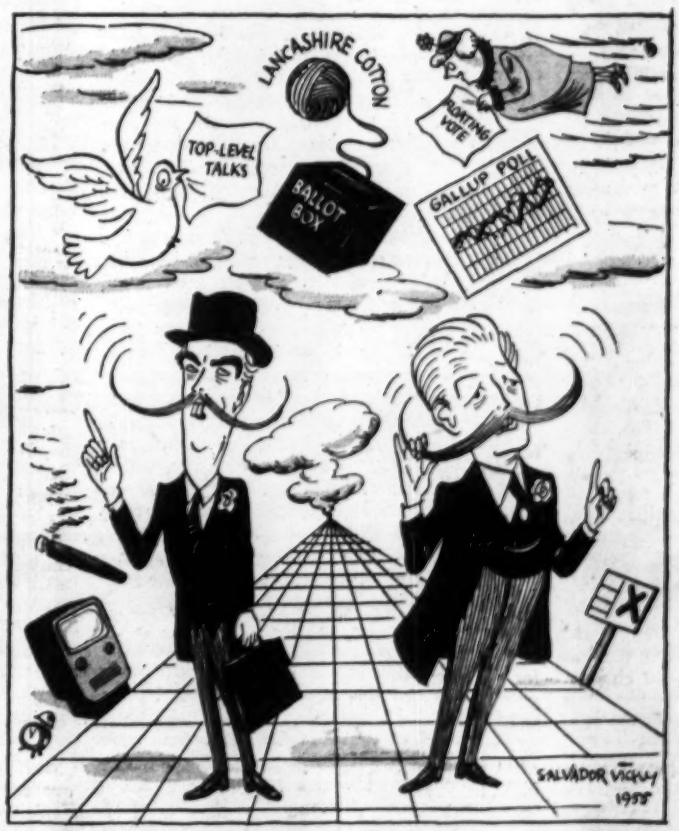
The Tories, as the Macmillan programme and their earlier TV productions have shown, go in for professionalism, for shows—at least in intention—well and truly mounted. The Labour Party remains amateurish. This was both the strength and the weakness of Mr. Attlee's programme. There were times when it seemed that Mr. Percy Cudlipp, who asked questions perhaps rather too leading, was the star. Even so, one did at any rate get an impression of a human relationship between Mr. Attlee and his questioner. There was Mr. Attlee, behind his pipe; there, too, was Mrs. Attlee, against a reassuringly suburban background. For my part, and with due respect, I wasn't made easy by Mrs. Attlee's presence. I reacted against the atmosphere of domestic cosiness established. But I am bound to say that a Conservative lady, watching at the same time, liked it.

As to purely political reactions, my Conservative friends were not irritated nor alarmed; neither were they moved to enthusiasm. Indeed, one had the feeling that they found Mr. Attlee's general position to be so close to that of the Tories as not to amount to a disturbing alternative. On the other hand, a working-class woman viewer, who had seen Mr. Macmillan the evening before and had reacted against him because she found him a "stuffed shirt," was pleased with it. She had responded warmly to his statements on the Labour Party's attitude towards pensions and she had responded, too, to Mr. Attlee himself as "a nice little man" whose very essence was reliability and integrity.

It would be a great error to think of these first political programmes on TV as existing in a void, in a sort of sacred three weeks of election campaigning. Their effect can hardly be separated from those of the party political broadcasts earlier in the year. If the experts are to be trusted, voters are swayed not so much by party manifestos and politicians' speeches as by stereotypes of the parties that exist in their minds. In the last year or so everyone who watches television has seen more M.P.s of both parties than probably in the whole of his life before. It seems reasonable to suppose that one result of our closer acquaintance with politicians will be a revision of stereotypes; and it seems clear, from their pre-election broadcasts, that the Tories have set out quite deliberately to alter stereotyped conceptions of their party. Apart, of course, from Sir Anthony himself, they have plugged on TV not their leaders so much as relatively unknown candidates, picked for television purposes obviously because they upset the stereotypes. The emphasis has been not on the well-groomed gents with the posh voices but on regionalism, on provincial accents; in a word, on the common man.

Yet the election, so far as presentation on TV is concerned, puts the Tories, it seems to me, in a dilemma. They may bring in, as they will next week, a posse of working journalists as background; but they are bound to spotlight their leaders, and their leaders are in fact well-groomed gents with posh voices. Mr. Harold Macmillan didn't bring his bowler hat and rolled umbrella into the studio with him; he didn't need to; every word he spoke, every intonation of voice, showed that he had them. Voice and manner are as much a uniform as dress; and the appearance of Mr. Macmillan, for instance, on television is by itself guaranteed, I should guess, to re-establish in voters' minds the stereotype of the Tories as an upper-class party which the Central Office has obviously been seeking to destroy.

WILLIAM SALTER



"My moustaches are for me my receiving aerial which draws impressions and inspirations from the outside world"—SALVADOR DALI

China in Uniform

II. What is "Brain-Washing"?

Brain-washing, which is the Western translation for the Chinese "mind-cleansing," is also called "re-education"; it may be a process as genuine as voluntary conversion or as cruel and hypocritical as moral breakdown resulting from mental and occasionally physical torture. Its object is to win the acceptance and, if possible, the enthusiasm of the individual for Communist philosophy. Its methods vary widely in detail, but the stages seem to be much the same at different times and places. First, the non-believer or imperfect co-operator is subjected to a strenuous but friendly effort of persuasion; if he does not quickly appreciate the sin of self-seeking, and fully accept the duty of co-operation without social or economic preference over his fellows, he will be subjected to prolonged pressure from the group in which he lives, and, if necessary, kept incommunicado while he studies the works of Marx, Lenin, Mao Tse-tung, and other Communist scriptures. If he remains recalcitrant, in spite of the glaringly obvious truth thus laid before him, his questioners may decide that various forms of physical discomfort may help him to see the light.

There are a number of reliable accounts of this process in action. Some who have been subjected to brain-washing describe their experience in terms of horror; others speak of their re-education with all the gratitude and enthusiasm of Billy Graham's converts. There seem to have been a few among British prisoners-of-war in Korea who were not already Communists and who were permanently converted to Marx-Leninism. Many signed the Communist peace manifesto, partly, no doubt, from conviction and partly because they thereby earned better prison treatment. Certainly the Chinese were utterly convinced that the Korean War was an act of American aggression, and that honest members of the Western working classes would quickly respond to the policy of "leniency," and see that they were dupes of capitalism, if they heard the truth clearly expounded in lecture and argument. Until late in 1951, every prisoner was compelled to attend doctrinal classes. The time came when a division was made between the "progressives" and the "reactionaries."

The progressives were thereupon called to the aid of Communist teachers to bring pressure by long hours of indoctrination on those who were not willing to accept forcible conversion. Really stubborn characters were subjected to solitary confinement, deprivation of food, and of such minor comforts as the camp afforded. The more gross forms of physical brutality, which were given headlines in the Western press, only occupy two out of the forty pages of the White Paper and seem, in so far as they were factually convincing, to have been individual cases of cruelty rather than part of the system. The surprising part of the story is that the jailers should have gone to such trouble to try to convert foreign soldiers who were obviously difficult to convince of the merits of Chinese Communism. The Chinese, clearly, went far beyond the point necessary if they had merely sought signatories for the peace manifesto. Indeed, the document seems to mark a new stage in the history of war. Between 1940 and 1945 all the belligerents broke the Geneva Convention which forbids doctrinal pressure on prisoners, but while the British, Americans and Germans merely sought for prisoners prepared to do propaganda against their own governments, the Chinese in the Korean War seemed anxious to convert their prisoners in order, perhaps, to prove the theory of working-class unity.

Much more remarkable is the story of Mr. Geoffrey Bull, told, one is sure with scrupulous care for the truth, in *When Iron Gates Yield* (Hodder and Stoughton, 12*s.* 6*d.*). An evangelical missionary in Tibet, who could give no better account of himself to the invading Chinese than that he hoped to convert Tibetans to a belief in the Christian God, could not hope to escape the charge of espionage. Mr. Bull, who is obviously a man of much charm as well as of strong character, does not blame his captors for their suspicions, and was quite willing, then as he is now, to pay tribute to their disinterested and honest intentions, and to point the contrast between their devotion to the welfare of the peasantry and the selfish and corrupt behaviour of Kuomintang officials. He was able to endure his ordeal only because he had a faith as strong as the Communists. He is, in fact, a type of Christian, familiar in the seventeenth century, but uncommon today. He could resist materialist arguments and be unaffected by scientific evidence of evolution, simply because he believed in the literal truth of the story of Adam and Eve. At all moments of crisis, any text discovered by opening the Bible at random, provided a clear guidance as to his own conduct. He seems never to have asked why God should have exposed him to such terrible tests of endurance; he repeatedly thanks Him for saving him from apostasy when he was on the point of breaking, and miraculously preserving his health—especially from malaria, though he was continuously bitten by mosquitoes. His worst trouble was the removal of his Bible. In solitary confinement, without its guidance, subject to mass pressure night and day, continuously bullied, on a minimum of food for three and a half years, during the last period of which he expected daily to be executed, he was finally informed that (as a punishment!) he was permanently exiled from China, and pushed over the frontier with a request to think kindly of his captors and speak well of Chinese Communism to the Western world.

I cannot explain this astonishing story except on the assumption that the Communists were not behaving as realists, acting from motives of expediency, but as fanatics, with a religious faith, who would spare no pains to redeem a lost soul. They did all they could to convert Mr. Bull by reason and exhortation; when it became clear that in this they could not succeed they were under no compulsion to release him; they could have killed him any day if they had wished, and told any story that pleased them. They could easily have faked a confession. Yet for months and years, the time and energy of a large number of people, some with important public duties, were spent in pitting their Marxist truth against his Biblical faith. The explanation is that both the contestants were possessed by the illusion of final truth.

After reading Mr. Bull's story, Western observers are likely to assume that all but professing Communists now live in terror in China. Peking does not give that impression; liberal intellectuals, whom I had known before the Revolution, were not so afraid to talk as, for instance, their counterparts in the Soviet Union were during any of the periodical purges. There was, indeed, a period when educated Chinese only avoided a severe dose of "re-education" by somewhat hasty repudiations of the West and probably only partly sincere protestations of loyalty to the new regime. There were at least as many Vicars of Bray as in seventeenth-century England. Innumerable other business men, officials, ex-K.M.T. politicians, scholars and men of letters, were subjected to more or less forcible conversion. Everyone whose position was in any way in doubt was brought before a tribunal of his colleagues and exhorted to confess his past crimes towards the proletariat. His first confessions, unless the product of very sincere and deep heart-searching, would be brushed aside as superficial. He would be recommended to make a more strenuous effort. If his confession was still inadequate, he might be subjected to the "bitter accusation" of a "struggle meeting." In the offing there was the unstated threat that continued recalcitrance might cost him his job or his freedom.

I doubt if the authorities now find it necessary to resort to such methods on a large scale. They involved agonies of mind rather than of body; they resulted in a large number of genuine conversions, because, in many cases, a professor or writer was already two-thirds converted before he was subjected to his examination. He would be angry at first at being cross-questioned about his record and his motives by his own subordinates or intellectual inferiors. He might have serious philosophic doubts about Marx-Leninism, but he was already more than half-way to conversion because he already had good reason to hate the K.M.T. and was in complete agreement with the thesis that the Americans were aggressors, and that a rejuvenated, happier, and less hungry China could be produced by the reforms which the Communist Government was carrying out. Add to this that he would almost certainly be in a state of mental conflict, be troubled on some points by a bad conscience, that he would be aware that a complete repentance meant an honourable job, while continued obstinacy might mean imprisonment or, at best, involve social ostracism.

How many would hold out? Take again the example of a journalist who had been working for a K.M.T. newspaper. He would begin by admitting, under examination, that he had often written things under instruction from his boss that he did not wholly believe, and that were not in the interests of the proletariat. It would not be long before he was abjectly confessing that he had been a tool of Chinese capitalism and a hired lackey of Western imperialism. Only if he had some transcendental faith which made him believe that to confess to the truth of Marx-Leninism was a mortal sin, jeopardising his chances of salvation and crucifying his Saviour afresh, was he likely to resist to the end.

I have been told—I do not know on what evidence—that there are rare Chinese Christians who have spent years in detention camps rather than change their faith. If so, according to the authorities, is it because they have been guilty of counter-revolutionary activity, and not merely giving way to dangerous thoughts. This plea is hoary and rightly suspect. It is, however, certain that there are in China many heretics who escape molestation. The Chinese authorities themselves do not claim that Communist doctrine is as yet by any means universally accepted. On the contrary, they declare that old-fashioned religions are respected. One well-known sinologue tells me that up to 1952, at any rate, he himself observed evidence that there is no bar upon freedom of worship, and that there were still monks in Buddhist abbeys. In the Institute of Minorities—there are said to be sixty minorities in China—I saw rooms set aside in which scholarship students from Islamic and Buddhist regions are permitted to

worship after their own fashion. They are meanwhile taught the true religion of Marx-Leninism. They are said not to be coerced, but since, as far as I can make out, they remain students until they are converted, there is obviously a strong incentive, if they want a job, to discard their old beliefs.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

(To be concluded)

Faith and Reason

MORE than seven hundred people sent in essays on Faith and Reason. Essays came from many parts of the world; from India, Egypt, Australia, Canada, France, Germany, Holland and other countries. This was a large entry for a competition which set entrants the formidable task of stating their own intellectual attitude towards religion in not more than 3,000 words.

The four judges—Professor Hodges, Dr. Bronowski, Stuart Hampshire and the Editor—had to enlist some assistance in sorting out the grain from the chaff. About a hundred essays were short-listed after this preliminary consideration. The judges differ widely among themselves in their own attitude towards philosophy and religion, but they did not differ about the best six essays.

In general the standard of writing and thinking was high; but few candidates succeeded in solving the difficulty of reconciling the abstract academic essay along formal lines with the requirement of giving, if not an *apologia pro vita*, at least the expression of personal conviction. Most contented themselves with abstract philosophy, and these tended to be the most competent. Quite a large minority attempted the personal approach, however, and these in almost every case had the charm of simplicity and sincerity. Interesting examples of this type of essay were an unsophisticated account by a "young wife" of how she lost her faith as an evacuee during the war, and of her subsequent mental conflicts, and another by a young Jew, who described his struggle to achieve a faith "within the Judaic-Christian tradition." Unhappily, only two essays of the personal type were successful in winning a prize.

The judges decided that no essay was so much better than any other as to make it right to give the entire £200 offered for the first prize to a single entrant, and they divided the first prize, giving £100 each to Mr. Wicken and Mr. Nodder.

Mr. Wicken was born in Ilford, is the son of a compositor, a classical scholar at University College, Oxford, and an Education Officer in the Royal Air Force since 1952. After leaving the Air Force he hopes to do research in psychology. Less brilliant in presentation than some, his essay was outstanding for the originality and depth of its thought.

Mr. Nodder, who was born at Blackheath in 1930, is also a classicist. He was at St. Paul's and Christ's College, Cambridge, and is now an assistant principal at the Ministry of Health. He tells us that "the great part of the essay for the competition was written during my daily journey to and from the office." His essay takes the form of a Socratic dialogue.

The judges further decided that there were four other entries of about equal merit; they therefore added an additional prize to those offered. Sums of £50 are awarded to the following entrants:

(1) Miss Filmer, who was at Somerville College, and is now a teacher at Bartley Green Grammar School for Girls, Birmingham. She informs us that she was "brought up and confirmed as Anglican; through influence of Bernard Shaw began to turn agnostic when aged 16; accepted logical positivist position in first year at Oxford; decided there might be something in religion after all, and made contact with Friends. Joined Society of Friends just over a year ago."

(2) Mr. J. B. Wilson, who was at Winchester and New College. He is now a House Master at King's School, Canterbury. He writes that he is "still young enough to think that both religious thinking and educational practice need a great deal of intelligent reform, particularly as regards correlating modern philosophy and Christian beliefs."

(3) Mr. P. C. Price, who was at Highgate School and Trinity College, and is both a Wrangler and winner of First-class Honours in the Natural Science Tripos. He is now working at the Cavendish Laboratory. He is also a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, and has been "an active member of the Cambridge Union and the Cambridge University Conservative Association." He adds that "if it had not been for the mission to the University by the Bishop of Durham in February, 1954, I probably would not have thought my position out sufficiently to have felt able to compete."

(4) Mr. A. D. Blest, who was at Tonbridge School and read Zoology and Physiology at University College, London. He now works at both Oxford and Cambridge on problems of animal behaviour and holds an Agricultural Research scholarship.

The first two of these essays, and some of the others, will be published shortly.

* * *

The judges wish to make the following observations about the essays. The entry gives evidence of a large amount of serious thinking about religious matters; it does not suggest that among students anything that can be called a religious revival is on foot. The essays showed no religious "enthusiasm," but much dissatisfaction with life without religion. They were much more critical of rationalist assumptions than certain of orthodox alternatives. They showed, as you might expect, that whereas the internal struggles of the past were mainly among people brought up in religious backgrounds who lost their faith, today the internal conflict is rather amongst people who, finding themselves dissatisfied in a sceptical or humanist background, have sought for a religion in which they could believe. One candidate wrote: "For many of the younger generation, embracing dogmatic religion represents as positive a step as in the past would rebellion against it." Another aptly summed up his contemporaries as "eager but wary." Conviction of the necessity of faith was much more general than any devotion to institutional religion; and among the men of faith there was widespread criticism both of important dogmas and of the Church. The individual most often revered by Christians was Albert Schweitzer, and the one whom the rationalists most often quoted with respect was Bertrand Russell.

It so happened that the prize-winning essays can be broadly divided into two groups, three of them coming down on the religious and three on the rationalist side of the fence. But it is typical of the whole entry that none of the essays was written in a crusading spirit. There was little Marxist certainty, little assertive rationalism, no utopianism, much disposition to accept rather vague religious beliefs as being more comfortable than scepticism. This applies to the winning entries, as well as to the bulk of those received. Only Miss Filmer, among the prize-winners, can be said to conform to what our grandfathers would have regarded as an assured faith.

THE EDITOR

London Diary

SO SHOCKING was the correspondence between Cardinal Griffin and Sir Ian Jacob about the B.B.C.'s "grave error" in televising *Family Portrait* on Easter Sunday that it seems to be a case for action rather than for mere protest. This is, after all, still a Protestant country, and by Protestant I include everyone who (a) takes religious and moral issues seriously and (b) does not accept the authority of Rome. Scholars are sharply divided about the theory that Mary, the mother of Jesus, was not only a virgin when Christ was born but remained so "forever" in spite of some scriptural evidence that she had other children. I am not concerned with that. I am concerned, in company with, I suppose, a large majority of people who pay for radio licences, with the presumption of the Cardinal in patting the B.B.C. on the head for having "no fewer than 73 religious programmes during Holy Week," and then sternly rebuking them because on Easter Sunday they broadcast a film of Martin Luther and, far more serious, televised a play based on a theory not conforming to his Church's tenets. I am much more shocked that, instead of rebuking this patronising arrogance, Sir Ian Jacob abjectly apologised, for all the world as if he were a village schoolmaster in Galway. Obviously, much must have happened before this to explain how such an extraordinary relationship can have grown up. Would Sir Ian have made a similar answer if the Protestant bishops had protested against a broadcast which pleased the Catholics and not them? Would he have sent anything but a formal reply if organised Nonconformists or agnostics had sent a similar protest? Roman Catholics, like other religious bodies, are, I am glad to say, given full freedom to worship and spread their views in this country, but if they start attempting again to dictate to the great majority of citizens who are not Catholics, then it will be time to reorganise a No-Popery campaign. In the meantime, the relationship of the Churches to the B.B.C. should be thoroughly explored when the House of Commons meets.

* * *

Many Jewish refugees have applied to the German Government for compensation for loss of property—let alone for broken careers—through Nazi persecution. One of them, a personal friend who came here in 1934 and is now a British citizen, was told by his lawyer in Germany that his application was well advanced. Would he now complete the enclosed questionnaire? The Bonn Government refused to take any further action until he had answered "Yes" or "No" to each of the questions. A refusal to answer would invalidate his claim. He looked at the list of questions. He was required to say that he had not been a member of a long list of organisations, from the German Communist Party, the Society for Russian-German friendship, the League of Democratic Women and Otto Strasser's "Black Front," to the Society for Victims of Nazi persecution. My friend says that he will refuse to answer. "It was bad enough having to 'prove' that I was Jewish. Anyway, I am British now, and I suffered from the Nazis. Why should I now have to pass a political test? Actually I was not a member of these organisations. But, if I had been, what business is it of Bonn?"

* * *

I could scarcely believe my eyes! On May 9, the *Daily Mirror's* sophisticated columnist, Cassandra, solemnly reported that *Harper's Magazine* had quoted, "with a grim smile" at the

N.S.'s "anti-Americanism," a passage from Edward Hyams's brilliantly amusing description of last year's Motor Show. With an irony that I should have thought no one could miss, Hyams had described the Americans as subordinating efficiency, in the matter of making cars, in favour of an exciting, wild and impractical romanticism! Can it be that the editors of *Harper's Magazine*, which was once one of the most intelligent and progressive journals in the world, really think that Hyams was suggesting that the United States could not run a whelk stall?

* * *

Are the Indonesians teasing the Dutch? The temptation to get a bit of their own back on their former masters must be almost irresistible, but it should, nevertheless, be resisted. The facts, briefly, are that thirty-five Dutchmen have long been in custody, and that their trial—the early formal stages were over some months ago—reopened on May 12. They are charged with various subversive activities, including association with some of Westerling's guerillas. Some of the prisoners, however, got letters through to the Dutch Government, declaring that they have been beaten and otherwise tortured into false confessions, and the Dutch legal profession has taken the matter up in a big way. The Indonesians flatly deny these allegations. The Dutch have briefed Mr. Curtis-Bennett to defend the prisoners. But so far, the Indonesians have not given him a visa, and his departure has been three times postponed. Why? Not, surely, because the Indonesians do not want the Dutch prisoners to be properly defended? No, I think they recall the long history of cases in which Western Governments were unwilling to give Left-wing lawyers facilities to defend Asians accused of subversive activities. Now, the boot is on the other foot, and very intelligibly the foot is kicking. Nevertheless the Jakarta Government would be very foolish not to give Mr. Curtis-Bennett a visa. Imperial Powers have behaved badly in these matters in the past; their liberated successors should not copy them.

* * *

In the amusing reminiscences about George Orwell which he is contributing to *The Twentieth Century*, Rayner Heppenstall recalls an incident which concerns the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. I have a keen recollection of this occasion which, unhappily, soured Orwell's view of this journal. It occurred during the Franco rebellion, which I still believe was the crucial pre-war issue. If the Great Alliance, which was not actually created until the Germans attacked Russia in 1941, had been formed in 1937, the chances are that Hitler would not have been able to make war in 1939. Now Orwell, whom I both liked and respected, went to Spain, and was encouraged, when he wired from France, to submit an article to this journal. He came back infuriated by the suppression of the Anarchist organisation P.O.U.M. by the Spanish Government. His article was, in fact, a savage attack on Negrin and his Communist allies, who behaved, I am sure, with unscrupulous and unnecessary cruelty and violence towards the Anarchists. But I'm not surprised his article was rejected. For Orwell was not merely critical; this journal was always prepared to be extremely critical about the Negrin Coalition, as it was about the Churchill Government during the World War. The trouble was that the article was in effect pro-Franco. The P.O.U.M. were the most attractive group in Spain. They had high ideals, and were genuine fighters for liberty, which was not, by any means, always the case with those who supported Negrin. But the Anarchists, true to their name, could not accept the discipline or leadership without which no war can be fought. Faced with the dilemma of our times, they made the same decision that Orwell made. Rather than surrender any liberty, they preferred to lose the war and could not co-operate with less scrupulous men. Orwell's instincts were those of a man of the Left, but because he was a writer and a fastidious and sensitive man who could not bear compromise, he attacked those who accepted the necessity of the Soviet alliance without which Hitler and Mussolini could have conquered Europe.

* * *

There seems to have been a sharp increase in the number of people who want to put other people in prison. What an odd thing this is! Here we are, with our prisons fuller than they've been for fifty years, a constant quest going on for sites on which to build more, annual proof in the reports of the Prison Commissioners that prison really solves no problems, and yet widespread demands for prison sentences on motorists, bookmakers, prostitutes, vagrants and (occasionally) editors. I was interested to read in a shilling pamphlet about cruelty to children, published by the National Association of Probation Officers (2 Hobart Place, S.W.1) that probation officers think sending mothers to prison is "not a constructive social policy." In most cases, they say, "it provides a well-needed rest for the mother but it relieves her of any responsibility for her children, and may lead to the permanent breaking up of the home." Even the domestic training given to sentenced mothers at Birmingham Prison, they say, has the drawback that it encourages the committal of mothers to prison; while a mere "remand in custody for inquiries" often does avoidable harm to the children it leaves temporarily motherless. The pamphlet sensibly suggests that, in any case it is time there was some training for fathers—who, in "neglect" cases especially, are often the principal though the less obvious offenders. And what has happened about those "local co-ordinating committees" that were proposed by the Home Office in 1950 to stop the numerous welfare agencies unwittingly working against each other? In many areas, according to the probation officers, "such a committee has never been heard of, while in others it has met in a perfunctory fashion and not continued." This pamphlet seems to me a valuable and timely reminder that many of the means of keeping people out of prison are being ignored.

* * *

Memorable points made by unsuccessful entrants for our Faith and Reason essay competition. A Moslem, presumably relapsed, defined Hell as the place where the Popes, Bishops, and Mullahs discover they were right after all. A Buddhist argued that the special differences of Christians were not shared by Buddhists and other religious bodies because Christianity was alone among the great world religions in claiming to be universal and exclusively true. One essayist said that, in view of Christ's teaching about violence, Christians should be given the option of not paying taxes for defence. The H-bomb becomes the present equivalent of ship money. A product of a West of England Cathedral school made an eloquent plea for the legislation of polygamy, polyandry, and homosexuality in Britain! Far the best remark was made by an entrant who summarised the faith of Mauriac and Graham Greene as follows: "Let us go and sin and not enjoy it; then God will punish us and we shall be happy."

CRITIC

Du bist wie eine . . .

(*after Heine*)

Suffering has transformed and purified the German nation. DR. ADENAUER

As fair as is a flower,
So pure you are, so bright!
The radiance you shower
Fills all the West with light.

We gaze upon your petals
But memory calls to mind
You *were* like stinging nettles
Of the most annoying kind.

You are such sweetness shedding,
So fresh, so pure, so clean! . . .
You *were* like darnel spreading,
So lothsome, so obscene!

You *were* like fungus spotted,
So vile, so full, so rank!
You *were* like bindweed knotted,
And *Himmel!* how you stank!

But now with fragrance laden
The parterre you perfume—
The budding Hitler-maiden
Becomes Bonn's choicest bloom!

You are transformed, transplanted;
So bright, so fresh, so new,
The First Prize gladly granted
In Nato's show, to you.

As fair as is a flower,
So pure you are, so white,
Says Dr. Adenauer—
But is the Doctor right?

SAGITTARIUS

This England

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Lady Eden didn't quite agree. "It may not be a rule," she said, "but Tory candidates never seem to me to be very strong in factory areas."
It was the kind of politically conscious remark that shows her growing involvement in her husband's career.—*Good Housekeeping.* (E. H. Tropp.)

His Lordship said Kinney had had every opportunity. He had been to approved school and to Borstal.—*Glasgow Evening Times.* (R. C. Paterson.)

Somerset's cricket team (bottom of the Championship table for three years) should call their captain, Gerry Tordoff, "Sir," if they want to do better, says Major W. J. D. Sherwood, a member of the county club committee. It is a matter of discipline, he says.—*Daily Express.* (J. P. Mellors.)

A loud bell rang out in the stalls of Brixton's Astoria the other night. Usherettes who rushed to investigate found an apologetic patron explaining to his indignant neighbours that in order not to miss an important appointment he had brought an alarm-clock in case he forgot the time.—*Reynolds News.* (B. Garth.)

I cannot understand why television experts are constantly apologising for the weather. It is one of the splendid traditions of this country that our weather has made us what we are.—*Sunday Express.* (U. Valuti.)

The Archbishop points out that theologians usually distinguish between three types of hypnotism: medical, vulgar and diabolic.—*Catholic Herald.* (A. Chambers.)

High over London, a lone jet fighter traces its path across the cloudless sky, and men and children stop for a moment to look. From his vantage point 40,000 feet above them, the pilot sees, through his canopy of 'Perspex', the English Channel and the coastline of France curving away into the distance.

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ICI

Mr. Priestley and the Parties

I SEE that Mr. J. B. Priestley has been telling readers of the *News Chronicle* "what this election ought to be about." He begins by remarking that "the differences between the two big parties fade into insignificance when we consider the likeness between them. . . . Both seem now to be astonishingly barren of ideas." Then he gives a list of issues which they should be discussing; and he concludes that, since the candidates are not up to the job of discussing them, "the odds seem heavily against this being a genuinely exciting election."

Supercilious boredom is not uncommon among people who boast of having independent minds. "Bother these dreary party machines and parliamentary politicians," they say; "it doesn't matter much which wins, so we may as well use the election to put some ideas into their heads." This kind of political independence reveals a curious detachment from the realities of British democracy. In our system (which Mr. Priestley, I am sure, prefers either to the American or the French variants) there *can* only be one issue at any General Election. In the course of the campaign there will be many stunts and appeals both to passion and self-interest. But all these are diversions from the decision which has to be taken on May 26: (1) whether Mr. Attlee or Sir Anthony is to select the next Cabinet, and (2) whether that Cabinet will have a big enough majority to do what it really thinks right, or will be compelled in fact by Parliamentary weakness to compromise on every issue. If Mr. Priestley is right in believing these two questions are not even worth a mention, then there is something desperately wrong with British representative institutions. For they are the only questions which, under our constitution, the electorate ever answers. Everything else is left to "them" to deal with—often in defiance of public opinion.

There is another curious feature of Mr. Priestley's attitude to elections. He apparently regards them mainly as an opportunity to raise issues which politicians are inclined to shirk. Of course, it is true that during the campaign many candidates, especially if they are fighting marginal constituencies, will be open to pressure. They will say things and make pledges which they hope will be conveniently forgotten when Parliament reassembles. Even the Government (as we saw last week) became notably more accommodating under this electoral pressure. Mr. Peake, at the cost of £200,000, rapidly redressed an injustice to pensioned parents which, in his own words, he had "overlooked"; and Sir Anthony felt constrained, at the cost of £3,000,000, to make concessions to Lancashire textile interests which Mr. Butler, only a week before, had demonstrated to be impermissible.

Because their profession depends on it, politicians are rather more inclined to surrender to popular pressure than other people. But does Mr. Priestley seriously maintain that the way to improve the standard of their behaviour is to use the elections in order to exploit this weakness? Does he believe that those issues which he has at heart will be discussed dispassionately and on their merits in the next two weeks? If he does, I will give him a bit of inside advice. Assurances hurriedly given in the heat of the campaign are always unreliable. On the other hand, the pledges and promises which are included in the printed Party Manifestoes have all been very carefully considered before publication and will become "the mandate" of the side which wins. Though this does not mean that they will always be kept (Mr. Butler, for instance, solemnly promised in 1951 not to cut the food subsidies), the elector can assume that the party which made them seriously intends to keep them if it gets a working majority.

I suggest that Mr. Priestley would feel less bored if he took the election seriously and made up his mind, since he dislikes both parties, which *Government* would be the lesser evil. Why not at least read the two Manifestoes in order to compare their rival inadequacies? Then, because the policies largely depend on the handful of men in the Inner Cabinet, why not try to gauge their qualities as they are revealed on radio and television? Finally, if he is convinced that the country needs, not compromise, but clear decision, he could spend the last ten days trying to increase the majority in his constituency for the party he has chosen. I suspect this will all sound rather humdrum to Mr. Priestley. But is it not better to try to make democracy work than to sit on the sidelines asking for "a genuinely exciting election"? After all, the test of an election is not whether it provides excitement to detached spectators, but whether the decision is a good one for the country.

I wonder if there is still a chance of persuading Mr. Priestley that he may be wrong in assuming that the difference between the two big parties today is insignificant. For three years we have had a Conservative Government which has gone a long way towards restoring competitive private enterprise, without so far jeopardising full employment. The Tory Manifesto makes it quite clear that, if Mr. Butler is given the mandate, he will finish the job. Under his direction trade will be stimulated by making the pound convertible; the farmers will be restored to independence by slashing deficiency payments next time, as the food subsidies were slashed last time; and production will be stimulated by steadily reducing the burden of taxation on industry. The Welfare State will be maintained at its present level, but the Tory plan for tax reduction means that, as the national income grows, revenue for Welfare purposes will form a steadily diminishing proportion of it and more spending money will be left for consumption. Of course, this means that the differences in living standards between investors and wage-earners will widen, but Mr. Butler is convinced that this kind of inequality is healthy and stimulates productivity.

So much for the Tory policy in favourable conditions. But what if the economic weather turns foul? Here, too, their Manifesto is clear. There is to be no return to controls in order to rectify the trade gap. Mr. Butler will rely strictly on orthodox fiscal measures (Bank rate at 7 per cent., for instance?) to weather the storm. And if that means temporary unemployment, has not the U.S. shown that a Keynesian financial policy can prevent a recession becoming a slump?

I have tried to summarise Tory economic policy as fairly as possible, because this is the only way to show Mr. Priestley the importance of the decision which faces the electorate. For the decade of post-war recovery it has been possible to compromise between private enterprise and Welfare planning. In 1955 we have reached the parting of the ways. To cope with the recession which may hit us in the autumn (and that prospect has forced Sir Anthony to hold this snap election), a Tory Government would have to resort to unpalatable Tory remedies. In the same way, a Labour Government would be compelled to use drastic Socialist powers to deal with it, and so move rapidly forward to a planned economy. On this point the Labour Manifesto is as explicit as that of the Tories. It presents a five-year plan for a formidable extension of the Welfare State and of public ownership, completely incompatible with the maintenance of a free economy. If an increasing slice of the national cake is to be used for social services and capital investment—and that is the essence of Labour's plan—then the motive force of the economy can no longer be private profit. If the recession is to be overcome without permitting unemployment to recur, then the level of imports, exports and investment cannot be determined merely by the market. Whichever side wins, therefore, the next Government's economic policy will have to be far more extreme than anything we have seen since 1945. The election will decide which extreme.

Many independents are mainly interested in foreign affairs. Here, too, I believe we have reached a parting of the ways. The constrictions of the cold war drove the parties into an uneasy bi-partisanship: now that the cold war is thawing out, the basis for this bi-partisanship is beginning to disappear, and simultaneously we are faced with new decisions on Britain's role in the thermo-nuclear age. What kind of armed forces do we require? What is Britain prepared to do positively in order to achieve international control of the H-bomb? If no East-West disarmament convention is agreed and the nuclear arms race continues, what will be our attitude to Nato and to German demands for neutralisation? What response shall we make to American demands for a British guarantee of Formosa? On all these issues the next Government will have to make decisions which have been avoidable, or at least avoided, since the outbreak of the Korean war. It will surely make a difference to those decisions whether they are taken by an Eden Cabinet, under Tory back-bench pressure, or an Attlee Cabinet, under Socialist back-bench pressure.

My conclusion is that the independent voter would be making a mistake if he accepted Mr. Priestley's view that this is a dull and insignificant election. Politicians are like newspapers, in the sense that they usually reflect the level of public opinion but try occasionally to rise above it. A newspaper which disregards its fans loses circulation: a party which does so loses an election. If the party programmes are too full of clichés and too prone to shirk such issues as the wages spiral or the social implications of nuclear energy, may this not be due to the electorate's preference for leaving such awkward problems to be tackled by the Government after it has been elected? The British people believes, not in governing itself, but in choosing its Government and then blaming it for everything that goes wrong. And that is why, despite Mr. Priestley, the decision of May 26 matters a very great deal.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

NEXT WEEK

Faith and Reason
The first of the prizewinning essays

Lord Woolton
Profile with sketch by VICKY

Galahad at Gravesend
V. S. PRITCHETT

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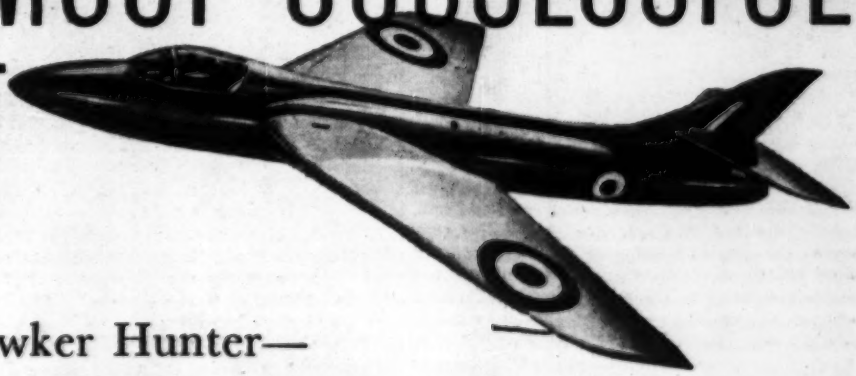

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General Franco and the Monarchy

(By a Correspondent in Spain)

WHEN the sixteenth anniversary of Franco's attainment of supreme power in Spain was celebrated this Spring with the traditional Victory Parade along the Castellana in Madrid, a significant feature was the almost complete silence in which Franco was received by all except the Falangist groups when he drove to the saluting-base. Many people seemed unaware that he had gone past. On his return from the saluting-base at the end of the parade, there was slightly more cheering, in part for the splendidly attired Moorish Guard surrounding him. Possibly the ninety-minute demonstration of the Government's force had encouraged a few waverers. Even so, the general reaction of the crowd, if not openly hostile, was impressively reserved. The Caudillo is now 62, and over the past few months the question of his successor has been occupying more and more attention.

In October of last year occurred the exchange of correspondence between Franco and Don Juan, in which Franco made clear that the exiled king's son, Don Carlos, must return to Spain to continue his education at the General Military Academy of Saragossa. This at once finally quashed any hopes that might have remained to Don Juan of returning as king himself, and showed that Franco intended to incorporate and identify the future monarchy closely with the regime. From then on, Franco has been at pains to do two things: reassert continually and emphatically his faith in the monarchy as the only permanent system for Spain; and at the same time quieten the growing apprehensions of the Falange as to their future position.

First of all, on December 5, appeared accounts of an interview between Franco and the Editor of the Havana newspaper, *Alerta*. Spain, said the Caudillo, had always been a monarchy at the most glorious periods of its history. He referred to the famous Law of Succession—which was approved by a 90 per cent. vote in an alleged referendum, and which converted Spain into a monarchy again, at least nominally. Under this law the principle of heredity is carefully qualified, so that, if the person due to succeed is either morally undesirable or intellectually incapable, the government passes to a Regency. In this sense, Franco may be regarded as some kind of Regent for Don Juan, who is thus officially undesirable or incapable. On Franco's death (since he seems to assume that his Regency is for life), the Council of the Kingdom will decide presumably whether the young Don Carlos is fit to succeed, or whether there is to be some new "Regency" under another Caudillo.

The next event was the meeting between Franco and Don Juan in Estremadura, notices of which appeared in the press on December 30. This officially did little more than confirm the correspondence of October, and was probably largely confined to the working out of details. In his broadcast New Year's message to the nation, Franco returned to the theme of the monarchy's traditional and historical importance for Spain, and the necessity of securing continuity, which a return to monarchy would provide.

The Falange were becoming increasingly restless. The breach between the Monarchist and Falangist supporters of the regime dates back to the Civil War, and is partly based on differences of social and economic doctrine (in which the Falange are undoubtedly more progressive), and partly on the Falange's growing fear that, due to the increase in the country's wealth, the balance of power in the regime is shifting more towards the new moneyed aristocracy, which is largely Monarchist. Almost immediately following Don Carlos' arrival in Madrid on January 18, the Falangist paper, *Arriba*, published an interview between its editor and Franco. In this, Franco defended the monarchy with yet another eulogy, maintaining that its more recent failures in Spain were due to the fact that it had been "liberal and parliamentary." This, he promised, it would not be again. He seemed to envisage a return to some kind of paternalism. An assurance was demanded that "the monarchy which may one day be restored will not alter in the least the principles of our National Revolution or the work undertaken by the Movement (Falange) with its institutions in these years." The assurance was enthusiastically given; the successor of the Falange would be the Falange. Throughout, the questions betokened restrained anxiety.

But apparently the Falange was not satisfied. On February 27 *Arriba* published another interview with the Chief of State. This time the paper was much more openly critical of the monarchy. It asked whether the personalities of past monarchs had not been largely responsible for Spain's past disgraces. In times when they had absolute power, yes, said Franco. But if there were adequate machinery set up alongside the monarchy for dealing with crises, personalities alone would be far less important. Franco even went so far as to defend Alfonso XIII against attack, claiming that the crises of his reign were due to the system, and not to the King personally. Even in his abandonment of the dictator Primo de Rivera and his final flight from the country, on which points especially *Arriba* demanded explanation, Franco said that he believed the King was acting in what he thought were the best interests of the country. Remembering Franco's earlier opposition to the monarchy, this was a most remarkable statement. He softened his attitude slightly by observing that, if the hoped-for continuity were to be achieved, the future monarchy would have to identify itself with the leading personalities of the Falange.

The final question was the most revealing. *Arriba* asked the Caudillo if he would like to disperse the speculations abroad that there was any breach between Monarchists and Falange. The answer was curious. We have to remember, said Franco, that half the nation know very little about the monarchy, and therefore, judging by its ultimate performances, they would not rally to it spontaneously, but only out of reflection that this was what was best for the Patria. There might be slight differences of opinion; that was natural; but everyone must be prepared to sacrifice them for the general good and for unity. He was sure that the monarchy would find its most firm and faithful servants among the Falange. The answer showed that Franco was anxious to close a barely disguised breach.

Other attempts continue to be made in the same direction. The Minister-Secretary of the Falange, Sr. Fernandez-Cuesta, addressing a large gathering of the Sindicatos on March 29, appealed to them to preserve the unity which had been achieved by the Falange, contrasting it with the disunity of the years before 1939. Uneasiness about the future revealed the fear that it might not be possible to preserve unity. "We should not concern ourselves so much with the colour of the shell that we do not realise whether the taste of the almond is sweet or bitter."

The possibility of a clash between Monarchists and Falange when the monarchy is restored after Franco's death seems to be causing definite anxiety. The people in general are apathetic. They have no share in power, and cannot expect to have, under any system at present envisaged for the future—monarchy or dictatorship. But some thoughtful people are worried. "What will happen when Franco dies?" "We hope he won't," was one unguarded answer.

In fact, any crisis that follows Franco's death is likely to be solved once again by the least loquacious and, as one saw at the anniversary parade, most powerful of his supporters—the Army. It was the Army that defeated the Republic and established both Monarchists and Falangists. Throughout Spanish history, the Army has intervened at the decisive moments. If, therefore, without Franco to hold them together, Monarchists and Falangists find themselves unable to accept each other, it will be the Army that will take over. For this reason, it is worth watching the Army for the future leader of Spain, if the unfortunate young Don Carlos has to return to exile. And among the Army's present leaders, none at the moment seems more capable or powerful than the Minister of the Army, General Muñoz Grandes, who last year visited Eisenhower in Washington, and drove beside Franco in the Victory Parade.

No Room for Grandmothers

AT the end of the war, we were promised cities fit to live in; we have got what we see from the window of the train. Parts of our cities are being turned into depressed areas—today's Jarrows are in Paddington—and yet no one complains. The silence is all the more surprising, and oppressive, because this modern tragedy has the same theme as that of twenty years ago. The depressed areas of that time were also the result of lop-sided development. Jobs were in one place, people in another. The manufacturer in light industry found it cheaper to build new factories in London or the Midlands, and to him that was the only thing that mattered. It was no concern of his if the workers who had lost their jobs in the decline of coal, steel and shipbuilding had to migrate from Wales, Northumberland and Scotland. He did not care if the social capital of the depressed areas—the schools, the shops, the pubs, the churches—was not only left derelict but had to be duplicated in the new towns of Slough, Luton and Coventry. Why should he be distressed if some of the ex-miners and ex-steelworkers could not or would not leave their homes? Not until the end of the war did the nation insist that, instead of workers being moved to the jobs, the jobs should be moved to the workers.

The migrations of the post-war years have been due not to the scarcity of jobs but to the scarcity of houses. Houses have been in one place, people in another. Since local authorities have found it cheaper and quicker to build in the country, people without homes have been forced to migrate from the centre of towns to beyond the old suburbs, and in human terms the cost has been almost as heavy as it was before the war. The pre-war migrants found jobs in Scunthorpe and Coventry, but no homes. The post-war migrants have found homes in their new housing estates,

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but no jobs, and no cinemas, churches or pubs; to get to work, to buy food cheaply, or, if they can afford it, to have an evening out, they must travel back to the city. The New Towns have admittedly made a brave effort to avoid the errors of both Becontree and Slough. As Norman MacKenzie points out in the latest Fabian pamphlet*, the New Towns, as places in which to live *and* work, have built homes as well as factories, and even some pubs and halls. If migration is necessary, then it is to New Towns that people should go.

But is it necessary? The greater part of the social cost of migration is borne not by the districts to which people go—migrants anywhere are usually the young and the energetic and can stand some hardship—but by the districts from which the people come. The chief thing wrong with Coventry was the Rhonnda; the chief thing wrong with Hemel Hempstead is Islington. The counterpart of the bright new homes of Harlow are the crumbling cottages of Poplar. As a nation we have used our building resources for building post-war houses in the countryside, and there has been so little left for rebuilding the cities that we have not done much more than run up a few scattered blocks of offices and flats. The great mass of ordinary houses, inhabited by the great mass of unskilled and semi-skilled workers who cannot afford the rents in new estates and towns, have been left to rot. A great part of the rent-controlled dwellings in the country are without bathrooms—according to the 1951 Census seven million households containing about twenty million people are without baths of their own, let alone bathrooms—and many millions are without their own water-closets and piped water. Nearly all the rent-controlled dwellings in the country are in worse repair than before the war. Their tenants in every city have been the victims of the landlords' strike which began fifteen years ago when the inflation started. It is a strike against the tenants who can no longer get their houses repaired and painted. It is a strike against the Government, which has not permitted rents to rise as much as other prices. It is a strike which can only be settled by a change in the system of private ownership of rented houses. When that is done the massive task of removing blight and squalor can at last begin.

The post-war migration out of the cities has been like the pre-war migration in another way as well. The people who left the depressed areas left their families behind them. The pre-war failure to plan the location of industry, when coupled with the Means Test, which actively discouraged children from living with their parents, broke up a vast number of families. So has the post-war failure to plan the distribution of building in accord with the existing distribution of people. The migrants are, as before, the young people. The figures quoted by Mr. MacKenzie for Crawley, where nine out of ten newcomers are under 45, could stand for almost any new town or estate. They are all crowded with grandchildren and yet are almost completely without grandmothers. The young couples suffer because they have no relatives to call on to help them with baby-sitting or to lend a hand when the wife is ill. The old people suffer because they have no one to fall back on when they are in need of help. In health and sickness they are alone. However much they want to, the army of migrants cannot take their wounded with them because the housing authorities have set themselves against it. The New Towns do not want grandparents, and the housing estates are almost as cold-hearted. But the people with whom the housing authorities will not bother themselves fall on the hospital authorities instead. Many of the growing number of old people who end their days in the chronic wards of mental and other hospitals are there not so much for clinical as for social reasons: they have no accessible relatives who will help them to make life possible in their own homes.

What should be done to reduce the necessity for further migration? In principle, the policy needed is the same as that which eventually brought new life to the depressed areas. South Wales and Northumberland needed jobs, Stepney and Ardwick need homes. The first thing is to recondition the old houses. Many of them are structurally sound. The smaller ones could be fitted with bathrooms, indoor lavatories and improved kitchens; the larger ones converted into separate flats. The second thing is to build as many new homes as possible inside the cities. There is space for a start on the tens of thousands of blitzed sites which are still standing empty, and if only the authorities would then do what is clearly desirable—move the railway marshalling yards and depots out of the cities and concentrate factories in multi-storey buildings which would become trading estates in the air—there would be space for all the homes the nation needs without covering any more green fields with bricks.

The Labour Party has already given its support, in *Challenge to Britain*, to proposals for "gradually taking over and modernising blocks of rent-controlled private properties," with a view to the installation of "separate bathrooms, kitchenettes and lavatories for each tenant." Now, in its election manifesto, it has committed itself to press on with such schemes. Nothing would be more welcome to the seven million households in Britain's new depressed areas.

MICHAEL YOUNG

* *The New Towns—The Success of Social Planning.* FABIAN SOCIETY. 1s. 6d.

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Stock Car Racing Is Dangerous

THE first reaction was disappointment: art had once again lied about and improved upon nature. Stock car racing at the cinema was nothing like so homely as this. Where were the gorgeous terraces, the wild and decorated spectators, sudden death, explosions, fire and the malicious jockeying for position? But this first reaction—the feeling that one was let down again by the inadequacies of life—didn't last. This was rural stock car racing, and there was a lot to be said for it: the drivers looked like human beings, and one saw their point about sudden death.

This was the first meeting at the track. The new turnstiles smelled of the carpenter's shop. They bore enticing posters which read, in scarlet lettering: STOCK CAR RACING IS DANGEROUS. Fifty yards to the east were the ruins of the Abbey, partially restored and partially sustained by scaffolding and standing on marvellously green Ancient Monument grass. To the south were the ruins of a tinplate works surrounded by waste land and the more familiar grey grass. Westward was thriving industry, the cooling towers of the oil refinery and its steadily burning gas flare; in the dark, when the meeting began, it hung from the sky over the low hill.

The track itself was shale and ashes and so were the terraces, which were also open to the sky. But since, according to the programme, *Stock Car Racing is Even Better in the Rain*, obviously we weren't expected to mind if it rained. It didn't matter, because the night was dry. Marking the inside of the track, the "grass verge" as it was called—although it was also shale and ashes—and separating it from the track proper, were occasional empty oil drums. The safety barriers weren't very much like the barriers we were used to seeing in the films and didn't seem to be all that safe. The most splendid item of stadium furniture in the place was the commentator's box, which was made of glass. The commentator was also splendid in his way.

We had a great deal of time to reflect on this commentator since the meeting was half an hour late in starting. At first we thought he was talking all the time out of embarrassment at this delay, but by the end of the evening, when he hadn't been quiet for longer intervals of than thirty seconds in three hours, we decided that the delay was of his devising, a masterly tactic to secure a captive audience. He was an informative man, not too proud to re-state the verities: "You may be wondering the distance of the track. It has been officially measured and is 440 yards in distance, which is *exactly* a quarter of a mile." He went on to explain that, if a race were of twenty laps, then the race was exactly five miles.

The racing began sensationally. The floodlights over the crowd went out; those over the track remained. On the second bend of the first lap, a car was bumped immediately in front of where we stood. It turned two complete somersaults and came to rest, listing, on one of the empty oil drums. The driver unstrapped himself from his bucket-seat and ran rabbit-like to the first-aid men. His car, saloon-shaped, rested where it had fallen until the end of the heat when it was towed away by a crash-wagon. Out of the seventeen cars which started, only six finished the heat, which lasted ten minutes. We worked out the winner's speed at an average of 30 m.p.h. without the benefit of the commentator.

The politics of this heat were interesting. In

the afternoon I had visited the Paddock, where the drivers were staring at their cars and the local drivers were staring at the drivers down from big cities—"the smoke" and others. The local boys, who were about to drive in their first race, pointed out that the "foreigners" hadn't, it stood to reason, come all this way for fun. They would be riding as a team and would be out to put the fix on the locals. The locals didn't much like the look of the big city boys.

One of the local lads told me that his car, a Studebaker, had cost him £40, and that he done the conversion and all the other work on it himself. He and his colleagues all worked in garages, otherwise they wouldn't be able to afford the time or money, indeed might not have the skill, to keep up with the game. Some of the visitors, though, spent most of their time riding stock cars up and down the country. It could be a profitable business if you were good and rode as a team. Say there were four of you in a team, and you rode in different heats, and managed to finish in the first three, and then managed to finish well in the Final. "It could be done if you boxed clever, and a team of four could clean up something like a hundred and fifty quid a night."

So the politics of the first heat were that the "foreigners" managed to keep out the locals, and did very nicely. A local who bore the sign OTAZEL on his car bonnet was bumped very early on. But even without this "inside" knowledge, the evening was exciting enough. Cars, when they lost a wheel in a crash, drove on three wheels, the hub sparking on the track. Cars overturned, blocked the track, swayed delicately out of conspiracies of collision. "Oily Smith"—according to the commentator, a noted "spoiler"—didn't do so well. A local boy spoiled him on the first bend and Oily was out of the race. Another local boy, dressed in a lounge suit, rode like a champion into second place in one heat, after ignoring what the commentator had called "the ethic of stock car racing." While there are no holds barred once the race has begun it is, it seems, unethical to bump on the straight. The local boy bumped even the big city boys on the straight, and cleared a path to glory for himself.

The evening was more exciting and more amusing than an evening at the speedway racing, even though it was impossible to know who was winning at any given time and even though on this particular evening no one's hair or car caught fire. The most serious accident of the day was that suffered by the managing director of the stadium: driving down from London for his big day, he crashed *en route*. No one, even, after the meeting imitated the stock cars except a party from "the smoke." On the main road, a few yards from the stadium, they were pinched for careless driving.

W. JOHN MORGAN

Seaport in Cyprus

THE invitation from the District Commissioner was delivered as I sat drinking Ouzo with my friend Agamemnon of the Cypriot Police. He kept on telling me, as the clump of dirty glasses grew and the saucers of radishes emptied, how easy it was to bring a cargo of contraband into one of the cosy coves near Paphos, supposing one had a motor-boat like Yanni's brother who used to work in Greek Street, London, West 1. I kept on telling him all I wanted to know was exactly where Aphrodite beached, and I was not in the market either to hire or borrow a motor-boat.

"You are nothing but tourist class," he said. "Aphrodite and all that is ancient history. Not interesting to modern Greeks who want Enosis with their old mother." Agamemnon may have looked and behaved like an Anatolian, but he was a true Cypriot of the Greek Neon Age culture. He spotted the official crest on my letter and declared he was not drinking with British jingo imperialistic promise-breaker. "I am thinking you free Socialist female," he said. "And all the time you are nothing but D.C.'s woman."

"Look, Agamemnon dear," I said, "I've only got this letter because someone insisted on introducing me to his old school chum, your District Commissioner." The D.C. was no old school tie of his, Agamemnon snapped, but he took kindly to his Ouzo again, and I asked him why his mother hadn't accepted her very long lost child when Britain suggested making it over to her in 1915. Agamemnon said too many strings were fastened. His old mum wasn't going to fight the nefarious Bulgar on behalf of U.K. Thus, he turned out to be closer to public opinion than the pink and ginger D.C. whom I sat next at dinner that evening. There was also a lady archaeologist, a mandarin farmer, three respective spouses, and a secretary to balance the sexes and keep the conversation neuter.

When Mrs. Mandarin asked, for example, was I comfortable at the *De Luxe Splendide*, it was the secretary who said authors didn't put up there, they dossed down in quaint and no doubt squalid khans, in search of local Technicolor. The way they all begged me to describe my pub—which was, after all, in Aphrodite Street of their own town! I refrained from mentioning that the cubicles gave on to a passage set with tables for two where Turkish, Syrian, Lebanese and Greek ladies and gentlemen, as well as a seedy commercial traveller from the Midlands, breakfasted

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to the accompaniment of flushing water. I said the place was pleasantly cosmopolitan and the plumbing modern.

The material advantages of being thought to be about to write a book proved nebulous compared with the attendant mental discomforts. We ate consommé out of a tin, mildly sherried-up like ourselves, something fishy with white sauce, something cutlet with two veg., and a choice of *crème caramel* and ice cream *praliné*. Mr. Mandarin wanted to know what sort of a book. Architectural? Archaeological? Historical? Ornithological? Political? You could see at once what a prop of the public libraries he was. Every tourist, he complained, who spent ten days in the island, imagined he or she was equipped to write a book. How long had I bestowed on Nicosia, for example? Lady D.C. silenced him by asking how I'd liked Government House. She silenced me too. The secretary cleared his throat, and chose his words with care, the way secretaries do. "We may consider ourselves fortunate in Famagusta," he said, "in that this is the only official roof under which our guest has set foot to date. Writers do not usually seek the official view until they have made their minds up irrevocably on any given question."

Best keep quiet, I decided, about my day's racing in the capital where I did the four winners that brought me along to Famagusta, about the lonely bathe when I shed my clothes behind a thorn bush and was precipitously run into the sea by a camel. After much soul-searching I said it was a pity we'd pulled down the Palace of the Lusignan Kings just to build that revolting Secretariat, but of course we shouldn't, fortunately, be able to make another blob like that, with self-government, or even Enosis, coming along.

A chill sea breeze from Othello's bastion swept the room, and the D.C. himself took over. Our mutual friend hadn't warned him my political views were so, should he say, *avant-garde*? He did. He added he was sure I didn't know, like so many intellectuals, no names no pack drill, that the British Government offered Cyprus to Greece, free, gratis, as long ago as 1915, but she didn't want it. Politics was then off, and I played my new hand according to the rules of the house. Salamis, I declared, was the most interesting site photographically. Little Mrs. Archaeologist puffed out bull-finch-wise. "Send your film round in the morning and I'll run you a set of prints off before tiffin."

I thought it safer to say I'd already posted the spool to London. Besides the picturesque broken columns of Salamis it contained: "Plate I, The author, wearing a priest's conical, rimmed hat, waving a bottle of Cyprus brandy, and eating a hard-boiled egg, near Larnaca," and "Plate II, Miss Aphrodite Papadanopoulos of Ktima, rising out of the Paphian surf in the guise of the Anadyomene of the Ludovisi Throne." Something told me Mrs. Archaeologist might condemn Plate II as dilettante.

I stopped the next gap by asking if anyone knew anyone who could hire or, better still, lend me a motor-boat. No one did. I asked the D.C. if there was any smuggling in Cyprus. Nothing serious, he said. Virginian tobacco. Cigarette papers. "Believe it or not, your Cypriot prefers any imported stuff to his own truly excellent products. He gets a bit ashore at Paphos now and then, but we know all about it, and we don't often bother to make an arrest." The D.C. was a nice man. I hope he enjoyed the evening. I did in a way—though I couldn't tell him how different things had been the night before, when Agamemnon and Yanni and I had done the town together. No neuter conversation or *crème caramel* then. Just Ouzo and Enosis. Far too *avant-garde*.

ROSE MARIE HODGSON

The Arts and Entertainment

The Pleasures of Disgust

ZOLA'S *Thérèse Raquin*, of which a new version entitled *The Lovers* is now to be seen at the Winter Garden with Miss Eva Bartok and Mr. Sam Wanamaker, is evidently a perpetually recurring challenge to producers. On the more vulgar level—a highly important one in the theatre, by the way—it offers to the actors three whacking parts and to the audience a melodrama of murder, almost archetypal in its simplicity and directness, and so of universal appeal. Thérèse, it will be remembered, is married to the coddled son of a small shopkeeper; and both son and mother have treated her as nothing more than a servant. An old school friend of the son's, Laurent, drops in to visit one day, and he and Thérèse fall passionately in love. She is utterly dependent on her husband and his mother; he is a failed painter, clinging desperately out of poverty to a routine office job, and there seems only one way for them to break out of the petty bourgeois net in which their love is being strangled—to get rid of the husband and plant Laurent in his place; and this they successfully do. But in the year of wary and guarded watchfulness which has to elapse before they can marry, their love curdles in guilt and remorse. When their moment at last arrives, they find that the only bond between them is fear and hate, and they proceed to destroy each other under the eyes of the mother, who is now paralysed and knows their secret, but is unable to tell it aloud.

This story can, of course, be told in terms simply of its crude melodrama; it often has been. But when it is tackled by a man of the theatre like Mr. Wanamaker the interest is to see how he will set about trying to make more of it than that, and, since he is an artist of integrity highly endowed with imagination and inventiveness, the attempt is continuously interesting to watch even when it is, in the last analysis, a failure. The way in which I should have expected Mr. Wanamaker to work was to go back to Zola's original intentions, back to the fury of observation, the passion for dirty detail, the pleasures of disgust. Zola himself observed about his intentions:

> Given a strong man and an unsatisfied woman, to seek in them the beast, to see nothing but the beast, to throw them into a violent drama, and note scrupulously the sensations and acts of these creatures.

In other words, I should have expected Mr. Wanamaker to play up to the point of extravagance all the background details of squalor, physical and spiritual, and to play the lovers ruthlessly hard and dislikeable. But he hasn't done that; instead, he has taken the play as he found it, as if it were an old melodrama, and tried his damnedest to make it acceptable to us in a modern idiom. And though he handles this with immense skill, the truth of the play—and it still has its own truth—eludes him. We are never drawn in; we admire from the outside. For one thing, this approach involves a good deal of prettification. Mr. Kynaston Reeves and Mr. Peter Copley, for instance, admirably fulfil the intention by making those two old friends of the mother endearing old tom-cats, but surely what they should have been is unbearable. Then Mr. George Wakhevitch provides a striking set that combines the interior and the exterior of the shop, but the deterioration

that overtakes the married life of the lovers never really comes across to us, and the little *cour* where the shop is placed, which in the text is an obsessively oppressive cage, comes out in production as really rather a gay little place, with its strolling musicians and itinerant vendors.

It is the same with the characters. Miss Eva Bartok emerges at the end as just the kind of "creature" Zola wrote of, but she has to arrive there from being an ill-treated waif, appealing for and successfully drawing to herself the wrong kind of sympathy. Miss Helen Haye is a splendid gibbering paralytic; but she has never been in full possession of the faculties necessary to the part, especially the faculty for bullying. Mr. Wanamaker himself is, frankly, disappointing; he is evidently so determined not to melodramatise that he ends by not counting enough. This is the danger of acting in one's own production. From the front he would have been the first to see where the legitimate emotional demands of the situation were being illegitimately suppressed.

All the same, this failure is infinitely more rewarding to watch than most that we sit through in these low days. Mr. Wanamaker brings all the resources of his accomplished art as a producer to bear; the lighting and grouping are, within what I must think of as a wrong conception, most imaginative and evocative; while the acting throughout has that stripped and bare simplicity which is a mark of his personal style and which he has managed to impose on his cast. Movement and gesture are never sloppy, vague or ill-defined, and so are never wasted; they are there to outline incisively and sharply the emotion behind them, and this gives a tautness and strength to the whole which carries across the large (and not very suitable) theatre. This is a venture which has been sadly underpraised.

Why the Arts Theatre should ever have selected *Midnight Family* as their new play passes my comprehension. If you can imagine the atmosphere of *Outward Bound* treated by a Frenchman with a quick ear for the more sentimental side of Giraudoux and Anouilh you will have some idea of what it is like. Death is cosily personalised as a family of six characters in search of a willing victim faced with an unwilling one. They have come from The Other Side to the right building, but the wrong flat, as the Custodian, dressed in the uniform of the Prison Service, archly tells him at the end. Bedroom farce and the simple profundities make ill-assorted bedfellows. Boring ones, too.

T. C. WORSLEY

French and English

WILLIAM BROOKER, who is holding his first one-man show at Tooth's, acknowledges his masters, Vuillard and Sickert, in two pictures devoted to them; he is also indebted to Pasmore in his Euston Road period. I should first admit that I have not for a long time seen such ingratiating pictures; they must inevitably captivate all those who believe artists should provide nothing but sensual satisfaction, for they must flatter all our sensibilities, by referring elegantly to pretty things always by the sweetness of their colour and the dexterous application of a "nutty" paint.

Brooker is undoubtedly very accomplished. But the subjects, especially those in which the human figure is involved—nudes sprawling on beds or other domestic interiors—have in the process of painting become detached from the pictures, which are now wholly about tonalities, about colour and pattern. It does not matter so much that life has been tidied up and sweetened, but it does matter that the drawing is so illustrative. Sickert's paintings of shabby urban domesticity were, in fact, more profoundly than these, illustrations of the human comedy. They were informed by a sympathy for people and a wit which Brooker does not command and in that sense they were less abstract; but above all, the drawing took grasp of life and objects. Brooker's interiors have less personality and feeling for people's behaviour, and the drawing displays the kind of adept stylishness which is a virtue in the ephemeral magazine illustration so prolifically produced these days. He composes as though through a viewfinder, finding an angle of vision and a standpoint which demonstrates an obvious pattern or gives a "candid," informal sight of things. As in film making such angles can be used to enhance qualities of movement, character, atmosphere. More often than not Brooker uses them as a device.

Elliott Seabrooke, who was President of the London Group at the time of his death in 1953, did not in this way discover his subject, but constructed his pictures out of the basic elements of land- and seascape. His masters were Cézanne and Seurat and through them this most serious and undervalued painter strengthened his devotion to the traditions of classical design. The present exhibition illustrates almost exclusively the last phase of his career, when he manipulated his own unmistakable version of pointillism. Now every pointillist picture is bound to look somewhat like a Seurat, for the method, by being in itself so characteristic, imposes upon those who use it a large measure of anonymity. Seabrooke's east coast seascapes, however, are also about particularities of light, weather and time of day. Also, they are not built upon Seurat's ideals of symmetry, but rather upon models drawn from Cézanne. I would not like to imply that Seabrooke was a dry eclectic; he was a man of passion and his best pictures have a most affecting lyricism strengthened by that discipline and austerity which inevitably led him sometimes into dullness.

I hope I should have valued his exhibition none the less, if I had not come to it direct from Venard's pictures at the Lefevre. He seems to be painting for export. He is a confectioner and a couturier who exploits modernity and his national accent, as Maurice Chevalier exploits that tilted boater and the caressing impudence of his broken French. But Venard does not, like, Chevalier, impersonate himself. He borrows largely from Braque in his way of constructing objects and in his textures, but assistance also comes from other such inappropriate and incompatible sources, considering he represents the last stages of Cubism, as de Stael and Jackson Pollock.

A far more worthy representative of French painting is Pierre Soulages. His abstract painting at the Gimpel Galleries are most impressive constructions, as simple in their formal elements and colour as a Mondrian and involving something of the same problems of light and space, but, unlike constructivist pictures, they are neither anonymous nor impersonal. Soulages leaves in the paint the evidence of every gesture by which the work has been moved towards completeness. They have the vigour and the precision not so much of an architect or an engineer but of a mason or a steel constructor. They are, indeed, far less "aesthetic" than some of the other work with which I have been concerned.

BASIL TAYLOR

Smetana

THIS is a time when values are shifting in the musical share-market. French opera has slumped. Verdi, Rossini and (largely because of Maria Callas) Bellini stand high, while *Don Sebastiano* in Florence and *Poliuto*, announced for Rome and Milan, suggest that Donizetti's turn is coming. These operas, written for international stars, can be only an occasional treat in a house concerned, rightly, to build up a national company. But we can share in the Czech resurgence. Berlin has seen three new productions of Janacek's *Jenufa* since the war; Hamburg, Munich, Brunswick, Oldenburg and Zwickau, among others, mounted it last year. Our own company, under the vital and energetic Mr. Kubelik, is a team which might

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give thrilling performances of *Jenufa*, *Dalibor*, *Rusalka*—and at Sadler's Wells of *The Bartered Bride*, *The Kiss* and *Schwanda*.

There must, however, be understanding, and cast-sharing, between the two houses. The British works apart, Covent Garden's last three productions have been Sadler's Wells operas: *Der Freischütz*, *The Tales of Hoffmann*, and, last week, *The Bartered Bride*. One sees why: such operas can be cast within the resident company. But it is a pity that Mr. Kubelík could not instead have taken over the spirited Sadler's Wells performance of the last, as he did their *Katya Kabanová*, and brought it to the same level of excellence. For—leaving aside the sore question of duplication within an already limited London repertory—*The Bartered Bride* was a little lost in Covent Garden. Elsie Morison's sweetly touching Marenka was not on the scale of the bigger house; John Lanigan, the Jeník, projected little character. The Sadler's Wells production, admittedly rougher came across as being robust and more spontaneous. In Covent Garden, Peter Pears's brilliant Vasek and Adèle Leigh's hilarious Esmeralda were exceptions in a performance that was otherwise too tense, a little two self-consciously artistic, to be, as yet, wholly engaging.

Dalibor, twice broadcast by the Third Programme last week, also had a British cast. In the title-role, Richard Lewis, who (particularly in the first performance) launched his heroic-lyrical phrases with a nobility recalling Georges Thill; as Milada, Joan Hammond, sometimes a little squally, but a serious artist, tender in the love music and ringing in her Leonore-like aria. Suzanne Danco, the only foreign guest, Stanley Clarkson, the most cleanly focused of English basses, and Alexander Young were all in fine voice. The Philharmonic Orchestra played magnificently under Vilem Tausky.

The opera has greatness in it. For the musician, there is an enthralling score, made of contingent sections each in a new key, permeated by a single theme in a hundred forms: for the public, a strong story and ceaseless melody. *Dalibor* would survive that test of tunefulness which *Carmen* and *Prince Igor* have recently undergone: *Dalibor Jones* (though Heaven forbid it) could succeed where *Pelléas Jones*, for example, would surely fail. Two things strike an English listener. First, that although commentators describe the opera, partly parallel in content with *Fidelio*, as symbolising nationalist aspiration, it is little concerned with Beethovenian abstracts. Dalibor is proud and rebellious; he is imprisoned by no Pizarro, but a wise and reasonable king; Milada's betrayal of Benes's trust might well have cost that loyal old gaoler his life. An adventure story, in fact, but on the chivalric level, with characters who, as individuals, strike home more deeply than Wagner's type-figures. And second, that (*pace* later writers) the early hearers were right when they scented Wagnerian influence. The Wartburg lies behind the Prague court, and Elsa's entry behind Milada's.

The influence is on the dramatic plane; the score—from the first grave, formal wind chords which evoke an age of chivalry, heraldic colours glowing brighter until the Dalibor theme appears to make the pageant a living story—is Smetana's own. It is touched with the highest inspiration: the probing "imprisonment" theme which opens Act 2 scene 2, for example, and then returns as a bass for Benes's aria; the freshness of the little duet in which the disguised Milada announces the gaoler's supper; above all, the sublime prison scena where first a harp cadenza, a solo cello and finally a soaring violin conjure up for Dalibor a vision of his dead friend, the subsequent aria where voice and solo horn glow tenderly against a gently vibrating background of strings; and the rapturous duet with Milada which closes the sequence.

Dalibor could be overwhelming at Covent Garden. Richard Lewis, Joan Sutherland or Amy Shuard, Elsie Morison (as Jitka) seem made for it, and Rafael Kubelik is at hand to coach and conduct.

ANDREW PORTER

Beside the Seaside

"The Beach," at the Cinephone
"Such Men Are Dangerous," at the Rialto
"African Conflict," on the Granada Circuit

I suppose there have been bad seaside films, but one forgets them and remembers Keystone comedies, a packed beach here and an out-of-season drizzle there, the young lovers' walk over the sand dunes, rushes from the metropolis to the nearest coast, M. Tati in flannels and bowing in the draught of the radio. And Alberto Lattuada's *The Beach* is no exception. He wouldn't have been so drawn if he hadn't felt the fascination. There's the expensive hotel with views and a garden restaurant, the crowd waiting for the train, the clop of carriages through the square, the deserted streets at lunch time, the bathing boxes, the bits of shore where children become smugglers, the training of opera glasses from verandahs and hammering at hulks on the shore.

A beautiful, discreet widow (Martine Carol) alights there to find her small daughter who has been in the care of nuns: they will get to know one another better under the influence of sun and wave. But Plot is against them. Mama has been—one can't help knowing this already, having been informed by the placards outside—no better than she should be, and must register with the police, and of course in time her secret will come out. As long as, mildly on tenterhooks, we share her holiday pleasures, the tale and the camera please. But then the whirlwind of gossip rises, and Satire—always just round the corner—lifts its ugly head. What pigs they all are, and bourgeois pigs at that, all except the handsome young Mayor (Raf Vallone) who is Communist. They turn up their noses, draw back their skirts or (if male) their advances: only the Red hero becomes more devoted. But there has been also

MISS ANGELL LENDS US

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a millionaire who seems to represent not Vile Capitalism but Worldly Wisdom: he it is who by offering his arm re-establishes her. The hotel takes her back, the smiles return, snobbery again sucks her in. Where do we stand now? And how much reality is there in the manners of this holiday spot where Neo-Realism seems to have enjoyed itself but suffered a sprained ankle?

Motor racing is the lure of *Such Men Are Dangerous*, and this is a film in which the camera-eye is important. It snatches at sensation from the fronts and backs of cars, from track level, from the accompanying plane, the straw-baled bend. This, in fact, is by far the most exciting film of its kind ever made, and more thrilling than—for an average spectator—the real thing. The moment it leaves the track the temperature drops disastrously; Mr. Kirk Douglas may whine and snarl, but all we're interested in is the whine and snarl of the machine. It seems that international racing is in the hands of the few big firms—and the little women.

The Granada Group, with a dual interest in film and TV, are making the experiment of showing a television film in their cinemas. This is an Ed Murrow programme on the conflict in South Africa; originally it occupied separate half hours which have been run into one. The technique is straight television, that's to say a series of interviews with big faces talking most of the time out of the screen: a tedious method, that quite lacks the punch and visual information of, say, the March of Time series. However, as talk from the screen, *African Conflict* presents the main arguments on all sides and gives us an opportunity to study the features of those who are inforcing and those opposing *Apartheid*. Prejudice apart, the Nationalist leaders seem no more endearing than their views.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

M.P.s AND LOCAL PARTIES

SIR,—After saying that "if an ex-Minister's views on Socialist policy are unacceptable to a constituency, why on earth should they adopt him," Critic goes on to say, however, that it is intolerable for Left-wing local parties not to adopt a sitting M.P. because her views on Socialist policy are no longer acceptable. Frankly, I cannot understand this contradiction.

How on earth are we going to stop the drift to apathy and cynicism in the Movement if we insist on sending a majority of Right-wingers to Parliament? We don't have a chance against the block vote at Labour Party conferences, but surely nomination time gives us an opportunity of selecting candidates who represent our viewpoint.

Of course, this applies both ways (and will, anyway). If Mr. Bevan's local Labour Party believed that he no longer spoke for them I consider they would be perfectly correct in choosing someone who does.

This is not the same as saying that the Labour Party Executive would be correct in expelling Right- or Left-wing members in a party which spreads from Right to Left, nor that a local Labour Party would be justified in expelling a member for such reasons.

A. JEFFERSON

78a Old Brompton Road, S.W.7.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

SIR,—Many who have been concerned over the injustices so often perpetrated by C.O. Tribunals will be grateful for C. H. Rolph's article on this subject. Personally I am especially thankful that he has raised the vexed question of Jehovah's Witnesses. To those with any acquaintance with Jehovah's Witnesses (and it is a smart person who can avoid such acquaintance) it is very clear that if ever men and women were impelled by conscience, Jehovah's Witnesses are they. The question therefore arises why tribunals consistently refuse to recognise this.

It seems to be due to the members of tribunals being concerned to judge not the sincerity of a C.O., but the validity of his objection. This was made rather clear some years ago when a Welsh Nationalist friend of mine was told by a tribunal which rejected him (and set him on the road to three months in Swansea Prison) that they recognised his sincerity, but Welsh Nationalism was not a valid ground for objection. Recently the Welsh Party candidate for the Gower division has been sent to prison for a year for similar reasons. Tribunals are entrusted with the task of judging whether a man has a conscientious objection or not; for them to judge the validity of the objection is plainly outside the terms of the National Service Acts.

Making mistakes which result in a useful and intelligent member of the community wasting his time in being absent from the work he was trained for is unfortunate. Making mistakes which send young men to prison unjustly is damnable. It is to be sincerely hoped that the country will at last wake up to this problem and do something about it.

FRED S. MOORHOUSE

8 Gloucester Avenue, London, N.W.1.

SIR,—In his article on "Toleration" in your last issue Mr. C. H. Rolph stated that the present chairman of the Labour League of Youth appeared before an Appeals Tribunal in connection with his desire to be exempted from military service.

In order to avoid any misunderstanding I would like to state that Mr. Rolph has been misinformed. I have the privilege this year of being the Chairman of the National Consultative Committee of the Labour Party League of Youth and have never requested such exemption (having actually served my period of National Service in the Royal Air Force).

I believe Mr. Rolph refers to the 1954 chairman of the National Consultative Committee, who in his sincere and courageous struggle for exemption from military service on grounds of conscience, has the support of all young people who know the facts in his case—many of whom do not share his views.

Swansea. TOM WHITE

CATHOLICS AND THE B.B.C.

SIR,—Why should Sir Ian Jacob say the B.B.C. made a "grave error" because "Family Portrait" was presented in television on Easter Sunday? Not only does the Bible state that Mary had a family, but historical research has proved this.

Why should Cardinal Griffin say that this theory is contrary to sound scholarship? Let him look up Professor Puech's article (*Times Literary Supplement*, April 30, 1954). The professor is one of the most eminent scholars of today, and is translating the priceless Coptic papyri discovered in an urn in a Græco-Roman graveyard in 1954. These Gnostic documents have not seen the light of day for over 1,800 years, thus escaping destruction by Rome. Few Christians are aware that the Early Christians knew nothing about the Virgin Birth and believed in the baptismal regeneration of Jesus in the Jordan. In the second and third centuries, however, Rome decided that this belief was a heresy and sought to stamp it out by indoctrinating the idea that Jesus was born God and thus the Virgin Birth legend came into being, though neither Jesus nor the Apostles believed in it. For some of the facts, see Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, also my father's book *Myth, Magic and Morals* published in 1910. And my own book *Civilisation or Chaos?* published last March. The truths being uncovered in modern theological research should revitalise Christian teachings and bring them into line with modern thought.

I. H. CONYBEARE

THE GAZA INCIDENT

SIR,—Owing to postal delay, I have only now received my copy of your issue dated April 2, and it is with astonishment I read the letter of Lt. Col. Shaul Ramati on the recent Israeli attack on Gaza.

As one present in Gaza, within a few hours of the attack, I am amazed at the Colonel's version—a version far removed from the truth. His opening sentence, speaking of swift retribution meted out to "a crack regular unit" of the Gaza garrison is the first of a large number of mis-statements.

The fact is that the unit singled out for attack was a small non-combatant garrison headquarters, made up of the types to be found in most garrison headquarters, armed, it is true, but in no sense of the word a "combatant" unit. It was simply a small group of men, possessing only one officer and a few side-arms, and carrying out purely administrative duties at Gaza railway station.

Again, the picture drawn of brave Israelis daring to cross a dangerous "no man's land" is a pure figment of the writer's imagination. The land they crossed is just an ordinary plain—no trenches, no strong points, no enemy. It is just as easy to cross as Hyde Park and possibly less dangerous. Boy Scouts would have rejoiced to carry out this adventure, and would have done it equally well.

In fact, on the night, the Israelis did meet with two people—an old Arab peasant and his grandson. They promptly killed them both, and then quietly took up positions on the four sides of the Egyptian billets.

It was about 9 p.m. and quite dark. The men of the Egyptian unit were sitting about talking of home, drinking coffee and cleaning equipment. Suddenly from all sides fire was poured into them. In a few minutes all were dead or wounded, the officer being the first to fall. The intruders then blew up the billets, hurled a few bombs amongst the wounded and stole away. They well knew the nearest Egyptian fighting troops were thirty miles away at El Arish, so there was no need to worry or hurry.

Now for act two of this tragic night, an even less gallant episode. A second Israeli force, having placed a landmine on the only road leading from El Arish to Gaza station, took up position about sixty yards away, lying down among the young wheat. They reckoned the noise of the explosions would attract reinforcements. They were right. After half an hour's wait they heard a lorry approaching. It contained thirty young Egyptian soldiers. It struck the mine and blew up, killing or mortally wounding all but two. Into this blazing inferno the Israelis

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poured all they had—rifle fire, machine-gun fire, bombs, grenades, and a form of Molotov cocktail, quickly killing off the wounded. The attackers then withdrew in the wake of the earlier assailants.

The story of a charge to within "ten metres of the enemy" and the story of carrying back their wounded and dead, doubtless put in to make it look a bit more like a battle, is pure "moonshine." It is now an acknowledged fact that when the Mixed Armistice Commission sifted this story, the Israelis were unable to produce one dead or one wounded man to support their tale. So the Colonel's touching comment about an "amazing demonstration of discipline and exemplary comradeship under fire," of wounded never uttering a murmur (and apparently shedding no blood) so as not to give their comrades away, is just another flight of his imagination.

He says "only a soldier" can fully appreciate this amazing demonstration. Well, this soldier had a week in which to examine the ground for the smallest shred of evidence to support this story of "amazing courage." He agrees with the Mixed Armistice Commission that it is sheer bunkum.

One other flagrant mis-statement deserves notice. The writer says "the Egyptian unit routed was composed of Sudanese, counted as representing the best the Egyptian army can produce." Having seen the dead (many of them were taken to the old C.M.S. hospital in Gaza) and visited the wounded, I can say there were *no* Sudanese. They were all young Egyptian soldiers and included a number of young Arab refugees who had joined the Egyptian army to strike a blow at those who now occupy their former homes.

To conclude, the writer says this was "uncommon bravery." I fully endorse his adjective. His letter is only relieved by your foreword, "His views must not necessarily be taken as those of the Israeli Government." I agree. They know better.

These, Sir, are the facts written by one with no axe to grind.

BRIGADIER J. V. MCCORMACK, O.B.E., M.C.
9 Mamel el Sukkar,
Garden City, Cairo.

THRILLER OF THE MONTH

M. E. Chaber

THE MAN INSIDE

(9/6 net)

"In the top rank of thriller writers . . . excellent characterisation, unusually convincing settings, tension all the way . . . Don't miss it."
JULIAN SYMONS
(Manchester Ev. News)

"Thrilling, absorbing." YORKSHIRE POST

George Griswold

RED PAWNS

(9/6 net)

"Good story of intrigue and counter-intrigue in colourful settings." GEORGE BISHOP
(Daily Telegraph)

"Compact, credible, intelligent . . . good reading." FRANCIS ILES
(Sunday Times)

TO FOLLOW

The Evil of Time by Evelyn Berckman
The Man Who Didn't Fly by Margot Bennett

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

TAX CHANGES

SIR,—An aspect of the Budget which has not been sufficiently stressed is that the changes in Income Tax fall into two separate and independent parts. On the one hand, we have the increases in the single, married and children's allowances, costing the Exchequer some £40m. Everybody paying income tax gains, they exempt some 2½ million people and clearly we have no quarrel with them.

On the other hand, however, and as an entirely separate issue in no way related to the increases in the allowances, we have the changes in the rates, costing some £100m. These are an altogether different kettle of fish, and should be isolated from the changes in allowances for attack. They are completely regressive in character and the vast majority of those who will still pay tax would have been *better* off if there had been *no* changes in the rates. Comparing the amounts to be paid under the *new* allowances and *new* rates with the amounts which would have to be paid under the *new* allowances and *old* rates we reach the surprising conclusion that Mr. Butler has achieved the astonishing result of distributing £100m in such a way that all bachelors earning between £275 and £1,000 a year, all married men with no children earning between £400 and £1,100, all married men with one child earning between £600 and £1,200 and all married men with two children earning between £700 and £1,400 would have been slightly *better* off had the £100m never been distributed at all!

Apart from the blatant injustice of such a procedure, the incentive argument is torpedoed. Over the above range of incomes, rather *more* tax will have to be paid on overtime than if the rates had remained unchanged. SPENCER SOPER

The Corner House,
Massetts Road,
Horley, Surrey.

STUDENT GRANTS

SIR,—From the student vote-catching point of view the recently announced increase in State Scholarships will, I believe, only be partially successful. This is because of their limited incidence and the Government's timidity in solving the financial difficulties of those who "enjoy" other than State awards.

Those unfortunates, whose university careers are financed by county and city authorities, have at least two quite legitimate faults to find with the proposed measures. Primarily the adoptive nature of the reviewed parental-income scales will continue to penalise students from areas too poor, too indifferent and too conservative to relate their educational dispensations to national policy. And secondly, there has been no attempt to rationalise the present regional discrimination in the actual granting of awards. Lack of national grant policy results in the most extraordinary contradictions. For example, a student living in an area incapable or unwilling to provide sufficient money for university education is awarded a scholarship on the results of scholarship papers in the G.C.E. examination. On the other hand, a student coming from a wealthy or education-conscious area is likely to get a full allowance merely upon the gaining of a place at university, regardless of prowess at G.C.E. scholarship level. In this way universities are losing students educationally suitable but financially incapable merely because of the area in which their family has chosen to live.

It seems rather unfortunate that the inadequacies of local authorities in spheres other than education have been appreciated and overcome while only the most tentative attempts have been made by both parties to implement this deficiency.

Dalton Hall, R. M. BONE
Victoria Park,
Manchester, 14.

MENTAL DEFICIENCY

SIR,—Readers besides myself must be grateful to Mrs. Bennett for the moving account she gives of her dilemma (NEW STATESMAN, May 7). She will be glad to know that the hospital mentioned in her letter is by no means "the only one in the country which caters specifically for mentally defective children." At least four communities within the Church of England have made this work their particular care.

A home for maladjusted boys is run by the Brotherhood of the Holy Cross at S. Martin's, Lee, S.E.13; the Wantage sisters treat feeble-minded girls of S. Mary's Home, Alton, and at S. Mary's, Buxted; while at Horbury in Yorkshire is a hospice for maladjusted girls under the Ministry of Education, staffed by the Community of S. Peter.

The task of training and caring for such children is a vocation indeed. At the Community of the Transfiguration, Wingrave, near Aylesbury, intercession is made daily for the mentally afflicted, for their relatives and for all who minister to them.

S. Deiniol's Library, DAVID RUTTER
Hawarden, Chester.

D. H. LAWRENCE

SIR,—Malcolm Muggeridge's virulent caricature of Lawrence represents a full range of current superstitions—trumped-up, uncritical attitudes which are the opinions all the ill-read would like to have about that disturbing writer, Lawrence, without scrutinising the fiction, letters, etc., which represent so different a mentality, a human being. Probably the thrusts which most need countering concern the crucial issue of man-woman relations. Mr. Muggeridge writes: "Lawrence would appear to have suffered under some physical disability which gave him a ludicrously excessive sense of the importance of a sexual fulfilment he was constitutionally incapable of ever experiencing." Simply, if Lawrence was more or less impotent, where did he get the deeply felt detail of sexual experience which is the rich positive life of the complete *Lady Chatterley's Lover*? But this in general is what Mr. Muggeridge, referring to the scene where Mellors sticks flowers in his chest hair and navel, calls "an unequalled combination of solemnity and absurdity": Mr. Muggeridge can't *take* this presentment of the most intimate, tender passages in the life of a man and woman because his mentality in respect of such living isn't averse to invoking the utterly depraved male cults of extraverted sexual cynicism ("'All right, old boy, have Miriam . . . but for God's sake shut up about it . . .'"). To imply Lawrence was abnormal in that way is just stupidly implausible, the propaganda technique of the "big lie."

Nor is his sense of life exclusively preoccupied with sex as his superior commentators make out: sexual warping, forcing, insecurity is just one aspect (as in the presentment of Gerald's essentially desperate relation with Gudrun in *Women in Love*) of his profoundly integrated diagnosis of contemporary culture. And it should be plain when we turn to the essential evidence, his fiction, to find what personal values take on concrete life there, that sexual experience can be a type or paradigm of personal fineness and equilibrium, as well as a straight empirical theme. *E.g.* even in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, a happily achieved climax in intercourse isn't given as in itself an ultimate value: it's the index, and mode of selection and organisation, through which Lawrence gives the quality of living his central characters are capable of.

"I always labour at the same thing, to make the sex relation valid and precious, instead of shameful" (*Letters*, p. 682). This statement of aim, although it grossly limits his range, represents his perfect moral intentness and delicacy; compare the tone and feeling of Mr. Muggeridge's account of the writer who made it: "... whom the girls find eerie ...," "salvation through fornication," the marvellously pure, passionate yet controlled concreteness of the intercourse passages in the complete *Lady Chatterley* described as "amorous transactions."

Downing College, DAVID CRAIG
Cambridge.

NOT PINK

SIR,—May I thank you for inserting my inquiry about Annie Besant's paper *The Link* (not *The Pink* as printed, but my handwriting is to blame for that) which has already produced useful replies.

Cambridge. M. F. LLOYD PRICHARD.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

A Case of Co-existence

To us the great fact of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is the expansion of Europe by the spectacular discovery of new continents: to contemporaries it was its diminution by the spectacular advance of the Turkish Empire. In France, between 1480 and 1609, twice as many books were published upon the Turks as upon America, and the greatest of the observers of Turkey, the Belgian Busbecq, complained that the nations of Christendom were gathering worthless empires at the end of the world while losing the heart of Europe. Throughout the sixteenth century Europeans were alternately fascinated and terrified by the Turks; by their silent, invincible, victorious armies, by their mixture of cruelty and toleration, their system of political slavery and their private moral virtues. Alternately the rulers of Europe preached crusades and practised appeasement of this terrible enemy, whom only his eastern enemies, first Tamerlane, then the Sophy of Persia, seemed to restrain from swallowing up their whole continent: "When the Turks have settled with Persia," wrote Busbecq,

> they will fly at our throats, supported by the might of the whole East; how unprepared we are, I dare not say . . . Constantinople, once the rival of Rome, is now laid low in wretched slavery. Who can look on without pity, without reflecting on the mutability of human things? Besides who knows whether the same fate may not now be threatening our own land?

For already, when he wrote, the bastions of Eastern Europe had crumbled: Belgrade had fallen by land and Rhodes by sea; the Turkish armies had conquered the plains of Hungary and their fleets dominated the Western Mediterranean from Algiers.

The Europeans had reason to be fascinated by the Turks, for these new conquerors were unlike any others they had known. They were not a nation: they were a host of peoples, an imperial family, and a system. The Sultan's subjects were of diverse conquered races, his invincible Janissaries had all been born Christians, his terrible sea-captains were almost invariably renegades, his technicians, his financiers, his merchants were Christians or Jews. What power had made these men desert their natural traditions and uphold a slave-empire so utterly at variance with European society? For European society was an aristocratic and landed society, a society of hierarchy, heredity and privilege: the Ottoman Empire knew no aristocracy, no class loyalties, no hereditary privilege outside the Sultan's own family, whose privilege was limited to the alternative of the throne or the bowstring. Wherever the Turks imposed direct rule, the old aristocracies were liquidated and a new social system was implanted on their ruin. In Budapest Busbecq saw the splendid palaces of the Hungarian nobles, recently so powerful, all in ruins; in Bulgaria he found descendants of the royal house married to ploughmen and shepherds; in Constantinople he saw members of the imperial families of Palæologus and Cantacuzene reduced to menial trades. These were the few who had survived the general massacres of the nobility, and Busbecq was one of the few who could see them: for in general the Turks, having conquered a country and imposed their social system, protected it by an iron curtain from profane eyes. Were it not for the all-penetrating power of money, he remarked, "their country would be as inaccessible to foreigners as those lands which are said to be uninhabitable through heat or cold." On crossing the frontier from Vienna to Budapest he felt as if he was entering another world, so different was it from the old Europe of which so lately it had been a part.

A hideous system, Europeans thought; and yet, since it had been accepted willingly by so many of their former subjects, they were obliged to concede its merits, or their defects. Why, they asked, had it so triumphed? The answer stared them in the face. Europe, in the days of Turkish conquest, had not only been politically divided: it had been full of social unrest. The aristocratic system in Eastern Europe had become intolerable. Landlordism on the continent, colonialism and *monoculture* in the islands, had everywhere bred a mutinous native peasantry ready to welcome the Turk as a deliverer from social bondage. The fifteenth century was an age of peasant revolts, and the feudal oppressions of the Hungarian and Frankish nobles, the Byzantine and Italian "despots," were no more hateful to their subjects than the mercantile rule of the Venetian aristocracy in Salonika, Euboea and Cyprus, or of those private capitalist companies—the *Maona* and the Bank of San Giorgio—to which Genoa had surrendered or sold its colonies in Chios, Corsica and the Crimea. The Hungarian chivalry which went down fighting in the valley of the Danube, the Venetian galleys which watched the loss of Greece and its islands, were the forces of an alien oligarchy whose subjects preferred—or thought they preferred—the Turks. Constantinople itself—a medieval Shanghai controlled by Venetian and Genoese concessionaires—hardly resisted its change of masters. Three years after its fall, a German popular play, the *Türkenspiel*, represented the Sultan coming to Nuremberg as the Messiah of the poor peasants. Eighty-five years later Luther, whose great hymn *Ein feste Burg* may well have been written to inspire an imperial crusade against the Turks, nevertheless declared that the German peasantry, crushed by noble landlords, might well prefer Turkish rule to that of such Christian lords.

Thus, for some two centuries, from the disastrous crusade of Nicopolis in 1396 to the peace of 1606, the aristocratic society of Western Europe, like the liberal society of Western Europe today, looked with apprehension on the portentous new power in the East: a power of huge military strength which, exploiting every social discontent, had advanced into the heart of Europe, imposed a new social system, and protected it behind an iron curtain: a power, moreover, which, by its very success, fascinated many of those who sought to resist it. Half the contemporary books on Turkey are inspired by admiration as well as by fear and hatred. Even the imperial ambassador could not withhold his respect from the civic virtue, the charitableness, the frugality, the public works and the *carrière ouverte aux talents* which he found in the Ottoman Empire, and grudgingly admitted that slavery, after all, has its social utility. From overpopulated Southern Europe there was a constant stream of emigration to those hospitable lands of opportunity where, it was noted, there were no beggars; and persecuted intellectuals—Jews of Spain and Germany, Protestants of Italy—fled, or dreamed of fleeing, to that tolerant Empire where religion at least was free. To the rulers of Western Europe all this was an added source of alarm. What were they to do? The answer was given by their traditional oracle, the Pope of Rome: Christians unite! Prepare for a crusade against the ideological enemy, the conquering tyrant!

And what did they do in fact? Alas, as Miss Vaughan's learned and closely packed diplomatic narrative shows*, they did no such thing. They quarrelled among themselves, split Christendom in two, mopped up empires overseas, and while all vying with each other in denouncing the infamous Turk, each secretly made, or sought to make, alliances with him against the others. The King of France, by his alliance, obtained profitable concessions for his subjects and, in return, welcomed a Turkish army in France: "Christian captives were openly sold in Toulon market-place, and while French Protestants were undergoing savage persecution, Turks on French soil turned unmolested to Mecca to pray." The King of Spain taxed his subjects regularly for the crusade and as regularly pocketed the proceeds. Venice for the sake of old markets, England for new, managed and supplied the infidel. Lutheran Germany, suspicious of all papal crusades, insisted that

> to reform our ways and works
> is the best defence against the Turks.

The Jesuits, having got a footing in Constantinople, concentrated on the more congenial task of denouncing Protestant and Greek Christians to the common enemy. As for the Pope himself, when it came to the point he always found himself too poor for any action—perhaps even (like Alexander VI) he was in receipt of a Turkish pension. . . . It was all very unedifying and ought, of course, as Busbecq foresaw, to have led to a Turkish conquest of Europe. In fact it did not. Whereas a crusade might have proved as disastrous as the crusade of Nicopolis, this refusal of a crusade led to a long practical co-existence, until suddenly, in the seventeenth century, it became clear that the danger was past. Europe, in full internecine vigour, then observed the decay of the Turkish empire, and having failed to unite against the tyrant in his prime, soon had to unite to prop him up when he had become "the sick man of Europe."

How had it happened? The rise and fall of nations remains a historical mystery which cannot be solved in a paragraph. We know very little of Turkish history, and what we know is almost entirely drawn from the imperfect

* *Europe and the Turk.* By DOROTHY VAUGHAN. *Liverpool University Press.* 20s.

observation of foreigners: for the Turks themselves have, until recently, been incurious in such matters. As Busbecq wrote, "they have no idea of chronology and dates and make a wonderful mixture and confusion of all the epochs of history." Probably the breakdown was institutional: the collapse of that system of privileged slavery which, under able Sultans, had given a formidable but temporary cohesion to an otherwise ramshackle empire. Perhaps it was also economic: the Turkish, like the Roman and the Spanish empires, created no new wealth: it lived parasitically on foreign wealth and faltered when that supply ran out. Possibly a complex "liberal" society has, after all, greater staying power, because greater resilience, than a "classless" tyranny. We cannot say. But even so, even if we must leave this deep question open, at least there is one negative conclusion that we can draw from this historical precedent. The theory that the world cannot live "half slave and half free," that a frontal struggle between opposing systems is sooner or later inevitable and might as well be hastened by an ideological crusade, is simply not true. Europe and the Turk, with their opposing ideologies and opposing social systems, faced each other for centuries. There were diplomatic relations and local struggles, as between Christian powers, but there was no crusade, and when the system which had once seemed so formidable began to disintegrate, it was through inner weakness.

Today these facts are worth remembering. Our Marxist historians like to compare the opposition between Bolshevism and the West with the struggle between barbarian Christianity and the decadent pagan empire of Rome, because they know that the barbarians prevailed. Professor Toynbee likes to remember the time when Rome and Carthage faced each other

in dubioque fuere utrorum ad regna cadendum
omnibus humanis esset terraque marique

and his disciple, James Burnham, deduces therefrom the necessity of a preventive crusade. This also was Hitler's view, but it did not prove correct. Thus the doctrinaires seek out the parallel that best suits their doctrine. All historical parallels are imperfect and therefore dangerous; but those who use them would do well to remember one which, being inconvenient, they too often forget: the parallel of co-existence of Europe and the Turk.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

Old Man

His age drawn out behind him to be watched:
It is his shadow you may say. That dark
He paints upon the wall is his past self,
A mark he only leaves when he is still
And he is still now always,
At ease and watching all his life assemble.

And he intends nothing but watching. What
His life has made of him his shadow shows—
Fine graces gone but dignity remaining
While all he shuffled after is composed
Into a curve of dark, of silences:
An old man tranquil in his silences.

And we move round him, are his own world turning,
Spinning it seems to him, leaving no shadow
To blaze our trail. We are our actions only:
He is himself, abundant and assured,
All action thrown away,
And time is slowing where his shadow stands.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

Levels of Prejudice

Working-Class Anti-Semite. By JAMES H. ROBB. *Tavistock Publications.* 15*s.*

The Colour Problem. By ANTHONY H. RICHMOND. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The social scientist, like the physical scientist, is faced with problems of scale in his studies of a subject such as racial prejudice. Prejudice is found both in the individual and the group, but the difficulty lies in the fact that the psychological methods appropriate to the investigation of individual behaviour can seldom be properly applied to large-scale or national affairs, which are more readily interpreted in terms of politics, economics, or history. For this reason, it often appears that the subtle and peculiarly personal motives of the single human being differ markedly from the more straightforward desires of his social group for political autonomy, economic stability, or whatever it may be. Take, for instance, a large-scale issue such as *Apartheid*. Although we may infer that some members of the Nationalist Party harbour prejudices of almost paranoid intensity, we also admit that the whole question can be discussed at a rational level, and we can appreciate that the White population of the Union is faced with a real problem.

Dr. Richmond's valuable book is mainly concerned with more general issues of this type. His careful account of the colour problem in Great Britain and in Commonwealth territories in Africa and the West Indies, is made in terms of the larger situations which yield to analysis of social and economic expediency. But this is not the only way, as he would be the first to admit, and has indeed shown in his excellent and earlier book, *Colour Prejudice in Great Britain*. If the scale of an investigation is changed, another type of motive appears to predominate, and one may find that a policy of racial suppression, justified on rational economic grounds, is, in fact, supported solely by the unreasoning hysteria of individuals.

This point is ably demonstrated by Dr. Robb's psychological study of anti-Semitism in Bethnal Green. Here is revealed a form of prejudice which is entirely irrational, for not one of the intolerant persons described had ever in any way suffered at the hands of a Jew. How does this intolerance arise and how, in less happy lands, does it become related to an official, and quasi-logical, policy of separation or suppression?

Dr. Robb's research was largely directed towards answering the first question, and he has set about his work with imagination and initiative. Having sociological, as well as psychological training, he was not content to carry on his researches outside a social context, and like an anthropologist in primitive society, began by steeping himself in the folk-culture of Bethnal Green, learning much of its habits and history serving behind a bar. Helped by being a stranger (he comes from New Zealand), he was readily confided in and also noticed things which an Englishman would have been likely to take for granted. As a result, he has done much to clarify intransigent problems, and has made a solid contribution to the data and methods of social psychology. In addition, his book has an important secondary plot, for his incidental description of Bethnal Green society contributes to our all too small understanding of English sub-cultures. He concludes that

> the first step in the formation of a prejudiced personality seems to be the establishment of a poor relationship with parents in infancy and childhood, probably through the medium of some form of rejection of the child by the parents, usually associated with erratic discipline, these laying the foundations for the belief that the world is an unfriendly, unpredictable place.

When these psychological factors are combined with unfortunate experiences which impede adjustment to life, a scapegoat is frequently sought. In Europe the Jews are a conveniently traditional Aunt Sally, while in other places the Armenians, the Negroes, or even the English may fill the role.

The second part of the question as to how intolerance becomes socially formalised, is harder to answer. Dr. Richmond's work, however, on the West Indians in Liverpool (particularly as described in his earlier, more specialised book) may help to bridge the gap between irrational, personal, and plausible social motives for intolerance. He vividly portrays the mutual impact of two alien ways of life, showing how the clash of attitude may lead, or seem to lead, to real clashes of interest. He shows how from this conflict stereotyped beliefs emerge, by means of which each side tries to safeguard its identity and preserve the *status quo*, and how these beliefs serve to transform vague anxieties about sex, or strangeness, or personal inadequacy, into hostility towards the other group. On several occasions during the post-war years, this confusion of individual emotions has coalesced into semi-organised policies of intolerance which were rationalised as economically justifiable, and as having nothing to do with race prejudice against coloured bus conductors or Italian miners.

These two books make us realise that we can be too detached and understanding about other people's prejudices. They demonstrate equally cogently that there is no point in prejudice against the prejudiced, which is likely to achieve nothing save heightened intolerance. Dr. Richmond believes that "if we are to get at the roots of prejudicial attitudes we must remove the experience in the life-history of the individual which gives rise to them." Dr. Robb's conclusions are similar. He thinks that

> in the long run the most effective attack on anti-Semitism and prejudice generally (of which anti-Semitism is only one example) is along the lines of prevention, that is, in this case, by aiming at a reduction in the development of prejudiced personalities.

This might be achieved by understanding and combating, clinically and educationally, the social and family conditions in which it arises. It is interesting and significant that two books so different in approach, though not, I suspect, in the insight and humanity of their authors, should converge at the same point.

We should remember, however, that behind all these quasi-neurotic attributes of prejudice, there lies something deeply embedded in human, or should we say animal, nature—namely, the fear of the alien in the herd. Human groups have always maintained their cohesion for the very reason that they recognise their own identity and the differentness of other groups, and this capacity on the one hand to love, and on the other to suspect, fear, and even to hate, seems to be mirrored in the very structure of the mind. Indeed, psychiatrically speaking, the concept of mental health, for what that is worth, includes the capacity to experience some degree of prejudice. One of the functions of civilization is to channel this capacity into harmless and humane directions of rivalry and competition, leavened by respect for the other group's achievements. It is, perhaps, an indication of progress that we now view the extremes of prejudice as pathological rather than natural. Nevertheless, the revolting and widespread expressions of intolerance which have soiled the last twenty years of human history, may indicate that the old patterns of social and psychological control over its destructive manifestations, are changing and breaking. We need more books like these, and above all, we need the informed action to which they should logically lead, and without which they are wasted.

ADAM CURLE

The latest additions to Dent's Everyman Library are Burke's *Speeches and Letters on American Affairs*, Newman's *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, Cary's translation of the *Divine Comedy*, Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons* (introduction by V. S. Pritchett), and *Virgin Soil*, Shchedrin's *Golovlyov Family*, Stevenson's *Inland Voyage*, *Travels with a Donkey* and *Silverado Squatters* (all in one volume), and Darwin's *Voyage of the Beagle* (7*s.*—all the rest are 6*s.* each).

The Great in Little

Voices from the Past: A Classical Anthology for the Modern Reader. By JAMES and JANET MACLEAN TODD. *Phoenix House.* 30s.

If you belong to the warm-hearted majority who are prepared both to like anthologies and to enjoy their Greek and Latin in translation, you'll find this an excellent bran-tub. All the presents were given by old Squire Classics himself in his most generous mood—really good, lasting things from The Stores. But the Vicar had to warn him quite sternly, "No water-pistols or dangerous fireworks, and, please, only the *nice* comics. And to save you the trouble my wife and I will do the wrapping at the Vicarage."

It isn't quite fair to be flippant about this worthy and on the whole eminently pleasure-giving Big Book of the Classics. The editors, intending no less than to build a panorama of Greek and Latin literature from Homer to Boethius, offer passages in translation from all the major and most of the minor authors, and write enough introduction and commentary to make the thing an *anthologie raisonnée*. They say they spent seven years of their leisure on this prodigious task and evidently they have used a great deal of care "to smooth, inlay and clip and fit," selecting pieces that are typical of their authors, varied in subject matter and interesting in their own right. From the great men there are the great things in good measure, 1,000 lines from the *Odyssey*, 17 pages of Cicero, 11 of Tacitus. A little science is included, some impressive mathematics, but hardly any technology. I feel that the editors might well have used one of those chapters from the Elder Pliny that seem to pull one inside the complexity of the ancient world, *e.g.*, on the smelting of ores or the use of metals in manufacture; whereas one can only say "Fancy that!" to the Tables of Contents with which they represent this author. Perhaps the only important omission is of descriptions of art and architecture; and a sad small one, the poems of Petronius. The date-order of the entries is often illuminating: Hippocrates the physician, Hippocrates the mathematician and Anaxagoras between Sophocles and Euripides; the *Wisdom of Solomon* (originally written in Greek?) between Terence and Meleager; St. Ignatius between The Younger Pliny and Juvenal. Christian authors are strongly represented but not out of balance. Comedy, though it is rather refined, gets some pleasant translation.

No doubt this book with its sober planning on a grand scale will have a deserved success. What makes one want to tease the editors is a certain high-toned flatness of commentary, and their partial insensitivity about verse-translation. The title *Voices from the Past* is an omen of the style of their commentary; that "eventually" will be overworked and easispeech abounding ("throw an interesting light," "doubtless on slender evidence," "gain a piquant interest"); that almost everything will be sensible, not much freshly felt and next to nothing finely said. Appraisal of what has often been appraised is an art to be approached with humility and many prayers for grace and freshness. Here it seems to have been ladled out with the complacence of a clergyman too much at ease among the mysteries. The editors are complacent too in not saying that verse-translation is impossible except through a poetic miracle. They haven't used two of the most remarkable examples, MacNeice's *Sestius* and Milton's *Pyrrha* (Horace Odes I, iv and v). One could work oneself into a frenzy about the taste that prefers "who now delights in thee as pure, kind, golden" to "who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold"; but here again it is fair to say that a comparison of the other translations I have available shows that Mr. and Mrs. Maclean Todd have been careful to find the more attractive versions, particularly in those poems where the miracle has been worked most often in English, the short pieces from the Palatine Anthology.

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Book Society Recommend.

WARBURG

Vir Amplissime !

The Letters of Samuel Pepys and his Family Circle. Edited by HELEN TRUESDELL HEATH. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

An age of pox and chaos, of cabals, treachery, witch-hunts, foreign gold—so nowadays we tend to think of Restoration England. All the orange girls of Old Drury, all the yapping of King Charles's spaniels cannot drown the rumble of those death-carts on their way to Tower Hill. Clarendon, Burnet, Macaulay, Feiling—here at least each of them tells the same dismal tale. The reign of the Merry Monarch was surely the most venal in our history. Who, we murmur—as Miss Jane Lane unfolds the vile story of Oates and his companions, as Sir Arthur Bryant describes the behaviour of their backers at the Green Ribbon Club,

> . . . who in Life's dull Farce a Part would bear,
> Where Rogues, Whores, Bawds, all the head Actors are?

All the glories of Newton and Wren, all Savile's wit, Rochester's repentance, Baxter's sanctity, cannot sweeten the hand that signed Lord Stafford's death warrant ("God bless you, my Lord! We believe you, my Lord!" cried the blood-sickened crowd). The quarter-century that followed 1660 was surely the age of the Bitch Goddess, an age that took its cue from its misreading of Hobbes:

> *Continual success* is an obtaining those things which a man from time to time desireth, that is to say, continual prosperity, in that men call *Felicity*; I mean the felicity of this life. For there is no such thing as perpetual tranquillity of mind, while we live here; because life itself is but motion, and can never be without desire, nor without fear, no more than without sense.

Life itself is but motion. That, in a nutshell, was the code of Buckingham and Ashley. It was the note of the period. But few men, during those 25 years, were kept so honestly and restlessly in motion as Samuel Pepys.

One might fairly claim that Pepys is the highest common denominator of the Restoration. Whatever humanity, integrity and patriotism those bad times possessed is concentrated in the character of this stern and fussy bureaucrat. Few figures in English literature present such a divided personality. There is the private Pepys, with his secret enciphered life of wonder, the man whose capacity for being intrigued and amazed by human existence is his most delightful characteristic. This is the Pepys who marvels at "the strange slavery I stand in to beauty," who notes how the King kept "good time with his hand all along the anthem." This is Pepys the musician, Pepys the amateur scientist, the connoisseur of blood-transfusions, the Pepys who made so many resolutions against playgoing. (It is also the superstitious Pepys who wore a hare's foot to keep off the colic and found Mr. Rolt's nose-bleed at his last adieu such "an ominous thing.") And there is the public Pepys, the tireless Secretary of the Admiralty, the architect of a reformed British Navy.

There is also a third Pepys—Pepys the Family Man. It is this aspect that Miss Heath has resurrected so admirably in this new collection of some 190 letters, almost all of which are now printed in full for the first time. They include letters from the diarist to his father, his brother John and sister Paulina, to his nephews and intimate business friends, and their replies to him. Alas, there is not a scrap of writing from his wife. But in compensation Miss Heath has included the long and vitally important correspondence with her brother, Balthasar St. Michel, the woebegone but irrepressible "Brother Balty."

To judge by this book (and by what we know of them from elsewhere), Pepys's relations were a feckless lot. These pages tell all too clearly the story of a family which, with one notable exception, had taken a rare beating from life. Inventories, bankruptcies, bad debts and lost receipts punctuate almost every page—"I returne your Honour my most humble and harty thanks for yours of the 22nd instant and for your great goodness and kindeness in stopeing the clamour of that nasty woman about the saddle"—or "Dear Soon, you will find by the enclosed that the foule mouthed doctor is resolved to be troublesom. . . ." Indigence mounts, the spelling gets worse, the protestations grow shriller. Brother Balty is a regular Ancient Pistol. "Pray give my Drooping speerits the Cordiall of a line from you," he writes, languishing in Tangier ("a hellish Torred-zone"). At Gibraltar his pen grows even wilder:

> Though my grievances, misseryes, Torments, and disincouragements; have beene to such extemitie, passing the Expression of Tongue, since my being in this Parte of the World . . . occasioned by the sevearest injustice, crueltie and unkindness of fortunate fopps. . . .

Only the adroit nephew at Cambridge really knows how to cozen his uncle. "*Vir nobilissime et amplissime!*" he styles him.

As Miss Heath remarks rather primly in her introduction, her hero is

> far from brusque or impatient with his often shiftless crew. When he feels compelled to point out the defects of character and conduct which have led to misfortune, he addresses his kin with the same tact and diplomacy which he would employ to a fellow committeeman. . . .

In the great crisis of his life Pepys showed his mettle wonderfully. In 1678-9, at the height of the Popish Plot, Shaftesbury, Buckingham and the rest of their gang, bent on ruining his patron the Duke of York, accused Pepys in the Commons. Having failed to involve him in the Berry Godfrey murder, they charged him with "Piracy, Popery and Treachery" and committed him to the Tower. Sir Arthur Bryant tells the whole wretched story at length in the second volume of his life of Pepys; it is repeated here in the letters Pepys wrote to Balty, whom he sent to France to collect the evidence that was to prove him guiltless. Balty was not the ideal agent for an affair of this kind, but in the main he served his brother-in-law admirably and Pepys's direction of the inquiries was masterly. In a century that has known the full horrors of the ideological witch-hunt it is heartening to watch this great public servant straining every nerve to rehabilitate himself through the methodical, meticulous stalking-down of his traducers.

JOHN RAYMOND

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THE BODLEY HEAD

Why Pick on Dawson?

The Piltdown Fantasy. By FRANCIS VERE. *Cassell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

More about Piltdown. Francis Vere tries, with a mixture of lightheartedness and severity, to shift the blame off Dawson's shoulders on to those of a certain "X," whose name is kept secret, presumably in the interests of public morality.

It is notorious, Mr. Vere says, that Brutus had a prejudice against Julius Cæsar: it is natural for scientists to look down upon amateurs. Through such a noble prejudice Dawson, now so full of wounds, is denied what little sweetness he may have had. Dawson (Mr. Vere argues), in spite of a few boyish deceptions—such as the affair of the oar-mace—was an honourable if somewhat woolly-minded enthusiast for evolutionary novelties. His triumph came with the discovery of that perfectly genuine fossil, the skull of Piltdown Man. The discovery was made by a workman who, with a great cry of "Whoy, thar be a coo-coonut," smashed the skull with his pickaxe. The scattered fragments, except for the one the workman gave to Dawson, lay in the gravel, indistinguishable from it, and only came to the top of the spoil heaps after three years of natural sifting by rain and flood.

Dawson waited another year before he showed his finds to Woodward—surely an odd delay. Woodward went to Piltdown and found four more pieces of skull. Here a certain casual element enters the deception. It will be remembered that the ape-jaws and parts of the human skull had been stained brown, in order to match the natural staining by iron that occurs in gravel beds. Dawson admitted to staining the pieces of skull he had found; the bits of skull Woodward discovered, however, were unstained, which seems to show that they had not been planted. But it is all very odd. What is a fossil doing in an otherwise unfossiliferous bed; and why, if Dawson was the faker, did he admit to staining some of the pieces, and not stain them all before planting them in the gravels, as he is supposed to have done?

Mr. Vere suggests that Dawson was being led up the garden path along with the rest of us. He stained his finds, he said, in order to harden them, at the suggestion of that certain "X" who wanted them to match the fake ape-jaw he was about to slip into the gravels—gravels already salted with naturally stained animal fossils. The deception worked marvellously well, and the resulting monster was accepted as the Earliest Englishman. "X," who was only out for a laugh and hadn't expected such success, then tried to kill his creation off by the absurdity of Piltdown II. Why Dawson should have gone to a stony field to look for fossils, not once but many times, is one of the strangest facts of the whole story. He found there a piece of bone which, it is now obvious, must be part of Piltdown I, a molar tooth probably from the Piltdown I jaw, and a piece of occipital bone from a quite different skull. Woodward seems to have been perturbed over this discovery, and may have thought someone, perhaps even Dawson, had hoaxed him: but hoaxed him only over Piltdown II, not over Piltdown I. As Mr. Vere says, it is remarkable that Woodward only gave four and a quarter lines to Piltdown II in *The Earliest Englishman*, a book of 115 pages.

Another oddity is that Dawson's enthusiasm for the Piltdown site continued so long. Would

the faker have spent so many barren hours searching? But we have an "X" to comfort us: a man who brought half a human jawbone from the site to show to Dawson, who left it in Dawson's office where it was seen by a clerk and some others, and then took it away again without Dawson having seen it. Odd behaviour, for the teller of this story insists that the jawbone was quite different from the one now "belonging" to Piltdown Man. "X" again behaved inscrutably when he was seen near the site some time later, running round in circles looking for something he had lost, though what that something was he would not say. Was it perhaps the real human jawbone which he had intended to produce at long last, and so scout the Missing Link?

Pleasant speculations, even if Mr. Vere is a little over-righteously indignant on Dawson's behalf, and against those Scientists. He might, too, have considered more of the evidence that Dr. Weiner so carefully brought to light. Dawson, after all, did cheat once in a while, and he did look guilty when caught staining bones. But others can stain bones too, of course; and how about that coo-coonut?

FRANCIS HUXLEY

Blake's Idylls

Songs of Innocence. By WILLIAM BLAKE. *Faber: Trianon Press* (for William Blake Trust). 6 *guineas.*

When Blake at the age of 31 wrote the *Songs of Innocence*, mainly in 1789, there was no thought yet in his mind of the *Songs of Experience*. (He would not otherwise have included in the *Songs of Innocence* such poems as *The School Boy*, which he later moved to the *Songs of Experience*.) The opposition between "the two contrary states of the human soul" has become familiar to us, and became natural to Blake, but it was not present in his first plan. Blake conceived the *Songs of Innocence* as a single work, and he was prompted by nothing graver than the children's verses of Isaac Watts, by the happy dawn of the French Revolution, and by a direct lyric impulse.

Something that happened soon after made Blake feel that the *Songs of Innocence* were too abstract an idyll, and that he must balance them by grimmer poems (many with the same titles) to show how the happiness of the young was then crucified. These poems of indignation are the *Songs of Experience*, on one of which Blake wrote as a gloss,

> Children of the future Age
> Reading this indignant page,
> Know that in a former time
> Love! sweet Love! was thought a crime.

The revulsion in Blake between the *Songs of Innocence* and the *Songs of Experience* came in or just after 1790, and it seems clear that it was his reply to the English hatred of the French Revolution, which now met Blake wherever he turned. For ten years Blake, in the face of this hysteria, spoke up for the French Revolution, stood by Tom Paine and Joseph Priestley, and said boldly that no man could live a good life under the twin tyrannies of Church and State—

> How the Chimney-sweeper's cry
> Every black'ning Church appalls;
> And the hapless Soldier's sigh
> Runs in blood down Palace walls.

These were Blake's fertile years, when he wrote *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, Visions of the Daughters of Albion, America, Europe, The Song of Los* and indeed all his most purposeful books. They came to an end in 1800, when Blake's more cautious friends made him leave London for a while, and in time persuaded him to become a political quietist.

The *Songs of Innocence* then stand at the gateway to the richest years in Blake's poetry, but they have not yet caught the anger which drove him in those years. The work of so powerful and tingle a mind, however, is of a piece, so that

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the *Songs of Innocence* already show, as plainly as Blake's later more didactic poems, what is most personal in his thought and in his manner. For example, although the *Songs of Innocence* are evangelical poems, they have an undertone of the Manichaean heresy. For Blake never was and never became an orthodox Christian, and all his life held to the heresy that the world was created by an evil God and was then saved by a human Christ:

> The Son, O how unlike the Father! First God Almighty comes with a Thump on the Head. Then Jesus Christ comes with a balm to heal it.

In the *Songs of Innocence*, as everywhere in Blake, the loved figure is not the Father but Christ the child, the brother. Blake in his own life was plainly in revolt against his father, the stern figure of Urizen, and had centred his love and hope on his younger brother Robert, who had just died in 1787.

It is equally remarkable that the *Songs of Innocence*, although lyric poems, are poor and often perfunctory in imagery. Blake's prophetic books are unique in English poetry in having almost no spontaneous and sensuous imagery: however casual, their images are always directed by a symbolic meaning. And this is already apparent in the *Songs of Innocence* in such poems as *The Little Black Boy*, *A Dream*, *The Chimney Sweeper*, and in the magnificent lines

> Mercy has a human heart,
> Pity a human face,
> And Love, the human form divine,
> And Peace, the human dress.

In the prophetic books, these charged images overflow into the margins of the etched page, so that the decoration at times becomes part of the text. This is not yet so in the *Songs of Innocence*, where the designs are simple illustrations and arabesques, elegant in line and most delicately coloured. The present facsimile reproduces these to perfection. It has been made from one of the earliest surviving copies of the *Songs of Innocence*, which the Library of Congress allowed to be taken to pieces. The text and the basic designs have been printed by the collotype process, and the colours have then been put on exactly through stencils. The result is a book as fresh and beautiful as the original. It is sad but unavoidable that the process must be so costly. (Blake in 1818 asked three guineas for a copy of the *Songs of Innocence*.) I wonder if, now that the stencils have been made, they could be used for a popular edition of this facsimile, whose tender pages can give so much more pleasure than the plain text.

J. BRONOWSKI

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ANDRE DEUTSCH

Confidence Trick

Crime Without Punishment. By ANTHONY HECKSTALL-SMITH. *Wingate.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

I recommend reading Chapter 21 first, and treating the rest as a flash-back; only thus can you savour the real heartlessness of this elaborate confidence trick, and the cynical perfidy of men to whom the genuine affection of others is a stop-press commodity quotation. But I recommend the book anyway: it is the first true picture, unspoiled by the flat rhetoric of detective "memoirs" or the self-pity of so much criminal autobiography, of a special kind of swindle that is going on at any given moment in a dozen capital cities.

When Mr. Heckstall-Smith first met the Gert family in Florence they must have realised at once, by his monocle, his Rolls-Royce, and his expensive idleness, that fate had once more delivered the goods. He did not fall for them at once. His portrait of them, written of course some years (including eighteen months of imprisonment) after that meeting, arouses wonder that he could support their oily company at all. But they went to work, with the noisome thoroughness of their kind, to such purpose that there is absolutely no doubting the affection he developed for them, the zeal with which he applied himself to their plausibly glittering schemes, or the innocence with which, back in London, he involved his socialite friends in what was to prove his own ruin. One hesitates to suggest that the Gerts knew even before he did, and before they finally marked him down for friendship, that his own expectations of hereditary fortune were about to collapse and thus sharpen his appetite for earned income; but one hesitates only because of what he so poignantly says about the Detective Sergeant from the Scotland Yard Fraud Squad who, in the end, arrested him:

> No one, his moments of polite astonishment suggested, could possibly be so utterly gullible; and now that I was in possession of the truth about the Gerts I confess that I was inclined to agree with him.... Yet it was so absurdly easy to be wise after the event. Such wisdom gave people a god-like sense of their superiority that was entirely divorced from reality, and out of all proportion to their true powers of perception. Because of it, they were incapable of understanding—or believing, for that matter—that a man of my age could have been thus duped.

The policeman need not, may not, have been so sceptical. In April and May, 1937, the editor of an American Middle-West paper wrote a series of articles warning his countrymen to look out for confidence tricksters on their forthcoming trips to Europe. He described their methods. He had written or commissioned such articles every spring for years. In August that year he stood in a London police station explaining in a shaking voice to a group of policemen, all wise after the event, how he had just parted with £2,700 to two men from Johannesburg with whom, until they suddenly went home, he had been living at the Berkeley Hotel on terms of the closest friendship for ten enjoyable weeks.

It is true that the victim of the confidence trickster is seldom prosecuted, because his complicity is seldom criminal. The project doesn't always involve sharepushing and the Prevention of Fraud (Investments) Act, and the victim's cupidity —a *sine qua non* in every case—is not often culpable in other ways. But the criminal involvement of Mr. Heckstall-Smith was brought about with stealthy and superlative skill, by a gang who had come to prefer that the stool pigeon, during the final mopping-up operations, should always be safely inside. But how do you pack your bags and get your visas while the stool pigeon is still worrying around? Oh, there can always be business trouble in New York or somewhere: he can be put on a plane and asked to report back in a day or two. When Mr. Heckstall-Smith got back, the swindlers had gone and police wanted to see him at Scotland Yard.

Now, the truly remarkable thing about this fascinating book is its painstaking exclusion of every note of self-pity. Here, says the author, is a careful portrait of a set of financial thugs and a shamefaced one of their duped confederate. It gives all their names. The publisher's blurb says that "at this moment they are posing as genial *hôteliers*, apparently immune from British justice in the British colony of Jamaica," and challenges them to come back and sue for libel. If there was one point at which you might expect Mr. Heckstall-Smith to complain of his treatment, it would concern the snail's pace of the Fraud Squad investigations and the cat-and-mouse behaviour of the Director of Public Prosecutions, who kept him waiting *nine months* after his return from New York before deciding to prosecute him—and then went to the needless length of arresting him instead of serving a summons. What purpose a prison sentence on such a man, after such an experience, was intended to serve is anyone's guess, and must be compared with the curious immunity of the real offenders. The purpose it has, in fact, served is to provoke the best "documentary" ever written about one of the most despicable and unpunished forms of crime.

C. H. ROLPH

New Novels

The Picnic at Sakkara. By P. H. NEWBY. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Slaughterhouse Informer. By EDWARD HYAMS. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Sea of Glass. By DENNIS PARRY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Navigator. By JULES ROY. *Turnstile Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Canal in Moonlight. By KATHLEEN SULLY. *Peter Davies.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Three comedies and two *tours de force* this week. Let us begin with Mr. Newby, that most painstaking and worthwhile of intelligent post-war novelists. I have always felt that he needed some liberating influence to free him from inhibitions that caused portentousness. The whiff of hashish, which he has inhaled from the Cairene setting of *The Picnic at Sakkara*, seems to have done the trick.

This is an ambitious book, full of light and shade and obliquity, and there are moments when it suggests, and not by any means egregiously, E. M. Forster. Its hero is Edgar Perry, lecturer in English at Cairo University, and a sympathetic fuddyduddy. Everything is rather too much for Edgar. His ridiculous affected wife thinks she wants to leave him. His influential patrons, Tureiya Pasha, and his wife, the feminist princess, are tiresomely capricious. He gets caught up in a street riot and arrested. Finally one of his students, Muawiya, is so torn between affection for Edgar and loyalty to the Moslem Brotherhood that, at the climactic picnic, he makes a ridiculous attempt to shoot him and then announces that Edgar has tried to commit suicide. The remarkably happy ending comes with the departure of the reconciled Perrys, seen off by Muawiya with an enormous lunch-basket. The emotional and tragi-comic ramifications are very intricate. It all goes on perhaps just a tiny bit too long and Edgar, himself, is rather too much like a wafer instead of a real character, but the Egyptians, and, above all Muawiya, are genuine

comic creations. A little more hashish and Mr. Newby will have us rolling in the aisles.

The jovial picaresque satire, however intelligent and articulate its author, needs some sort of ground plan, some form, if it is to come off. Exuberance is not enough. *The Slaughterhouse Informer*, an esoterically obscure Kentish trade paper, official organ of the abattoir, being boosted by cunning intellectuals into becoming a huge mass circulation monster, ought to be a satisfactory device. But though it provides plenty of fun, the book lacks the essential narrative focus. Interest is too diffused between Ted Cartwright, the bookseller, and Desmond Rohan-Dermot, the critic. Incident is unevenly distributed; the effect is like smoking a home-made cigarette. Mr. Hyams mixes his *milieux* rather abruptly; I doubt whether high life is ever a suitable line of country for him to take. Nevertheless, individual passages are admirably lively. The satire is laid on with a flit-gun all over the contemporary island scene. I particularly liked Dr. Jackie Sloper, the latest in transatlantic revivalists:

> "In Ethical Recreation, brother, we don't pray to be delivered from temptation, no sir! You know Otmar Levy . . Universal Ice-cream? No. Well, last week he tells me, *Jackie, I'm giving a million for the relief of famine in Naples.* Seems that's where ice-cream came from. And was he pleased with himself! Know what I said? I said, *Otmar, you put that million right back in the old oak chest. You must learn to bear your burden as The Friend bore his!*"

Sea of Glass is oddly amusing. Its period is the Twenties. Its theme, the sudden introduction to London of a beautiful, unsophisticated young woman who has been brought up in a savage environment, is not new, but the atmosphere which Mr. Parry generates at the house in Aynho Terrace is distinctly original. There are several good characterms: the savage herself, Varvara, child of a British adventurer and a Russian mother, brought up in a walled city in Turkestan, is a huge great tawny hunk of almost palpable sex-appeal, and gets across very nicely. Her aged grandmother, Mrs. Ellison, is astringent and dignified; the buffoonishly sinister Uncle, testy Nurse Ellis, and the deliciously drunken butler, Turpin, are all alive. David, the young law student narrator, too, is roundly sympathetic, though his strange routine of limited love-making with Varvara is rather hard to swallow. What does not come off is the attempt to get depth and an extra dimension by reviving Varvara's father through his diaries, and also the melodramatic twist given to the death of Uncle Cedric, found impaled on some spikes, perhaps pushed out of the window by Varvara. But how well Mr. Parry writes; if he could have told a sensible story this might have been something to enthuse about.

The Navigator, our first *tour de force*, excellently translated by Mervyn Savill, is about a young flier in a French Air Force Squadron operating from England, who, after being the sole survivor of a collision-crash in mid-air over the Home Counties, loses his nerve. You hope he is going to recover it as the result of a love affair, one of those sudden sitting-room sofa pushovers, with the young woman near whose house he parachutes down; and perhaps, to some extent, he does; but his author has equipped him with a powerful death wish. For his next flight he chooses a pilot who can no longer see the landing lights. It may seem all very unlike the extrovert, india-rubbery mood of the R.A.F., but that does not make it any the less impressive.

Canal in Moonlight is a short, rather extraordinary first novel which, if it were not for a curious and agreeable tenderness, would win the *Prix de Squalorologie* hands down. A slum family is living in Bikka Street, where the rats are "large, fierce and tenacious." The father, Horace Hoppe, is a weird, ex-middle-class remittance man, a mental case with very uncertain diagnosis, but just a touch of the Russian Fool of Christ about him. He is married to an ex-tart, who has sixteen children. The scrabble along somehow, stealing a new lavatory pan and keep-

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ing a goat in the front room, and for a time it is all rather chummy and moving, a bit like a Giles cartoon. Then various tragedies occur all together. A strange mixture, fiercely amateurish, displaying a good deal of talent and sensitivity. I shall look out for Miss Sully's next; she might write anything.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Shorter Reviews

Animal Painting in England. By BASIL TAYLOR. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

It is perhaps not surprising that Stubbs should never have been mentioned by Ruskin, who counselled that "in representing beasts, man has to think of them essentially with their skins on and with their souls in them;" but it is more strange that, with his command of plastic values and his sophistication of design, he should not have appealed to Roger Fry. Yet, as Mr. Taylor shows, this depreciation of Stubbs is part of a larger neglect: a neglect of the whole unique English tradition of animal painting. Barlow, Wootton, Gilpin, Marshall, Ward —all deserve another look. The two hundred years under review witnessed the emergence of racing; the replacement of stag-hunting by fox-hunting; the foundation of modern biology, zoology, and comparative anatomy; and the growth of a new feeling for animals and the countryside. Mr. Taylor has something to say about all these events, though his disquisitions on sport seem more reliable than some of his literary analogies. He has an eye for every sort of beast, pet (like Sir John Harington's Bungey), or exotic (like the touring rhinoceros of the 1740s).

After the assured technique and dispassionate vision of Stubbs a gradual decline set in, leading on the one hand to bony naturalism and on the other to lachrymose idealisation. Quality, however, was still high enough in 1821 to excite the praise of Géricault, whose own dynamic painting of racehorses and wild animals sufficiently shows up the provincial style of even the best English work. The author recognises this fact, and never allows his sympathy with local enterprise to blunt his discrimination. The seventy plates are excellently chosen, while the notes to them are scholarly without being verbose. Whether or not the reader believes in the soulfulness of animals he should enjoy Mr. Taylor's slight civilised essay very much.

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Shell Guide to Devon. By BRIAN WATSON. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

If this "Shell Guide" seems less good than some one remembers it may well be because of the great improvement in topographical works which has taken place in recent years. It is, of course, very elegantly produced, and the photographs are excellent, but as a record of the architecture of the county it does not begin to compare with Dr. Pevsner's Penguin in his remarkable *Buildings of England* series, which, even in two volumes, is considerably cheaper than this. As a whole, the book strikes one as an exercise in modish antiquarianism. This comes out strongly in the general introduction, "The Face of Devon," and particularly in the paragraphs on the literary associations of the county. "After Coleridge, Devon's greatest writer," says Mr. Watson, "the remainder of the field is small," and we pass from Coleridge to quotations from Edward Capern, the postman-poet of Bideford. But the remainder of the field isn't small, unless Hooker, Raleigh, John Ford (who was born at Ilsington), Browne of Tavistock and Herrick are small writers. Nor would one have thought it easy to write on Exeter—which Mr. Watson does well—and the Exe Valley without some mention of Gissing, who loved the city and set the action of some of his best work there, any more than to discuss Dartmoor and Brixham without at least a reference to Mr. Eden Phillpotts, who may have written a great many novels and plays but is not entirely negligible.

The gazetteer appears generally adequate though a trifle repetitious—we are told the story of the origins of the Exeter Canal more than once. Errors of detail are, of course, unavoidable in a work of this kind. The University College of the South West is not a university; and anyone who on the strength of Mr. Watson's information hopes to play golf at Exmouth is going to be disappointed: what was once a nine-hole (not an eighteen-hole) course has now reverted, much to the advantage of residents and visitors alike, to common-land. In view of the book's auspices, the author's antipathy to motor roads and motor traffic is slightly disconcerting.

Beware of Africans. By REGINALD REYNOLDS. *Jarrold's.* 18*s.*

If the author's wife, Miss Ethel Mannin, had collaborated on this book she might have chosen to call it *Compressions and Depressions.* A detailed account of a journey from Cairo to Cape Town at the present time does not fit comfortably into 367 pages, and one sometimes wishes that Mr. Reynolds had begun his African pilgrimage by flying, say, as far as Kampala. The problems which arise in African territories south of the Equator are quite vast enough for one book without bringing in Egypt and the Sudan as well. Mr. Reynolds has not got the experienced journalist's knack of telescoping details to make a coherent whole, such as Mr. Negley Farson gave us in *Behind God's Back,* and his conclusions are sometimes obscure to the reader.

It is not the author's fault that one closes the book with a feeling of powerless anger. He has tried very hard to be fair to everyone, and to avoid the usual trap of writing about Africa in terms, so to speak, of Black and White. There are good White men and bad Black ones in this book, and Mr. Reynolds even manages to keep his temper while writing about the "White Mau Mau" of Kenya. But the isolated pockets of tolerance and progress which he found do not convey to the reader the same sense of hope for the future with which the author invests them. It is good to know that there are men and women who are devoting themselves so tirelessly to African welfare, but they are pitifully outnumbered in a subcontinent in which "Liberal" is regarded as the most wounding of epithets, and an observer as mild and kindly as Mr. Reynolds is obliged to cover up his tracks like an assassin.

Fundamental Law in English Constitutional History. By J. W. GOUGH. *Oxford.* 25*s.*

Englishmen confronted with political and even legal problems tend to fumble for their moral instincts rather than their brains. Hence the uneasy fascination which the notion of fundamental law exerted for centuries. This Law behind the laws, unalterable and unrepealable, is properly associated with written constitutions such as that of the United States and has never existed in this country outside the imagination. When the bill for the attainder of Strafford was being discussed in committee, Edmund Waller went to the root of a delicate matter by asking what the fundamental laws *were* but Sergeant Maynard only retorted that if he did not know he had no business to sit in the House. The historian Gardiner was begging the same question when he wrote vaguely that "they lay in the imperishable vitality of the nation." The author of this agreeably written and absorbing study concedes that they have never been susceptible of precise definition at any stage.

The idea of Law as supreme, above the State or any of its servants, and a matter of knowledge rather than will, belongs to the close of the Middle Ages, but its ghost bedevilled the political controversies of the seventeenth century and contending parties invoked it with equal enthusiasm in support of policies diametrically opposed. For some it represented the principle that politics should be subordinated to ethics; others simply found it a useful slogan in the struggle for power. By the end of the seventeenth century the heyday of fundamental law was over but it hovered over the next two hundred years like a spectral question-mark until the complete acceptance of the legal sovereignty of Parliament rendered it contradictory and superfluous. It was finally disposed of in the law courts in Lee v. Bude and the Torrington Junction Railway Company in 1871. Mr. Gough has traced the development and decay of a noble myth with great skill and his book deserves careful reading by anyone interested in the ideas that shape law and industry.

John Milton. By KENNETH MUIR. *Longmans* 10*s.* 6*d.*

No doubt Dr. Leavis was premature twenty years ago when he spoke of the dislodgements of Milton from his classic status as an accomplished fact. But if Professor Muir is representative of informed middle-of-the-road opinion, then it appears that apologists for Milton are still on the defensive. Professor Muir, who does not always remember he is not judging competitions (*e.g.,* "in any collection of the greatest sonnets Milton would be represented by at least six"), gives the author of *Paradise Lost* a final rating of alpha minus, below Homer and Dante, above Camoens and Tasso. Yet this comes as rather a surprise after he has conceded so much to unfavourable critics, in particular to Professor Waldock. (At other points, however, he rebuts Waldock's criticisms very cogently.) At any rate, Professor Muir is prepared to concede a noticeable "hardening of sensibility" in Milton as he grew older. The cases for and against are given fairly, if of necessity baldly; and there is probably no call, in a handbook of this kind, for any very firm adjudication between them.

As to the merit of *Comus* there is general agreement, but not as to its meaning; and pressure on Professor Muir's space allows of only cryptic reference to Dr. Maxwell's and Professor Woodhouse's arguments on this point. One could have spared some of the space given to Milton's borrowings here from minor Spenserians such as Browne and the Fletchers, especially as this is allowed to be superficial in comparison with Spenser's own influence on the *morality* of the masque. It is discouraging too to find "conventional" used apparently as a term of dispraise in a comparison of that gloriously conventional poem *Lycidas* with the Latin elegiac pastoral, the Epitaph on Damon. But on the whole this is a creditable and trustworthy, if unexciting, book.

Sporting Days. By J. P. W. MALLALIEU. *Phœnix House.* 15*s.*

For those whose taste is the journalism of the sports field—and a re-hash of long-past sporting actualities is not everybody's dish—Mr. Mallalieu ranks among the most distinguished of his profession. Less bizarre in his literary style than Bernard Darwin, and less given than Neville Cardus to what might be called the "symphonic fallacy" in sport, he deserves, none the less, in his day to be ranked with these two giants of an older generation. As befits his candid and unpretentious manner of writing, he sees sport with the eye of the ordinary spectator "on the terraces." But he uses that eye with a perceptiveness far above normal: and it is the accuracy of his observation which both enriches and justifies an intentionally "unprivileged" point of view.

What writer has ever bettered, not only for grace but for sheer meticulous accuracy of vision, his description of Stanley Matthews, greatest of all footballers, whose sudden, unmatchable turn of speed is captured for everyone who has ever seen it by Mallalieu's startling comparison: "Have you ever watched a dragon-fly, how it hovers in one spot with its wings vibrating, and then, apparently without changing gear, darts away at top speed?" When has discontent with the shabby and second-rate which turns sport into an opiate rather than a recreation been expressed more convincingly, or more simply, than in his stringent comments on professional prize-fighting and on radio commentators? Mr. Mallalieu writes so well about sport because he knows it inside out, and has himself played many of the games he describes so warmly. His partisan enthusiasms—he is an unrelaxing supporter of Oxford University, Huddersfield Town and Yorkshire—will seem to some naive, even a little absurd. But they are the enthusiasms of the man on the terraces, who is both the patron and the arbiter of British sport in the Fifties, and whose recording angel Mr. Mallalieu sets out to be.

English Radicalism, 1762-1785. By S. MACCOBY. *Allen & Unwin.* 45*s.*

English radicalism is generally held to have begun with that rather squalid figure, John Wilkes; and there was plenty of radical pamphleteering in the later eighteenth century, if violence of expression is the test. Dr. Maccoby has worked through a mass of ephemeral literature with his accustomed industry; and he has gone far to establish that an Opposition existed long before it was recognised by respectable politicians. He has also attempted to correlate the waves of Radicalism with economic ups-and-downs, a point well worth making. But, as in his other books, he is submerged by his material. The broad outlines do not stand out. Once more the reader is driven to the mistaken conclusion that Radicalism must be a very dull subject.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,316

Set by C. Dunlop

It is reported from Caughnawaga, Quebec, that a television aerial has been erected on Chief White Eagle's wigwam in this Iroquois village. Competitors are invited to describe, in the manner of *Hiawatha* (limit 20 lines), the reception of the first programme in the wigwam. Entries by May 24.

Result of No. 1,313

Set by G. de Vavasour

Prizes are offered for a man (or woman) story told by a dog, fish, horse or bird. Limit 150 words.

Report

The ritual tedium which accompanies the five classical Personal Narrative themes (my dream, my pet, my child, my holiday, my sport) was so skilfully reproduced by some competitors that the adjudicator was faced with a curious difficulty. But a closer glance showed that not all the finer points of phraseology were caught: the quaint term "brute," for instance (the ritual word for any fish or mammal which offers resistance to being killed) found no adequate reflection in these anecdotes. Some of the better tales were provided by Nimnum's shark ("But you should have seen the one that *didn't* get away!"); by Joyce Johnson's bird, living in the grounds of a Wren-designed mansion ("Among the usual preponderance of *Trippers*, I spotted two Bare-necked Hussies and a Red-faced Ptermagant"); by Ongar's fish—only his story was much too long. Two guineas are awarded to Granville Garley, whose tale combined a birdlike speed with a brilliant inconsequent logic; and a guinea each to Eileen M. Haggitt for her moral fable (one of the few entries in this genre), to L.E.J. for his study in transferred etiquette, to Pat Bullen, to Nancy Gunter for a piece of inspired doting, and to Edward Blishen (who is implored to spend part of it on a new typewriter ribbon).

Once, when we were preparing to migrate to Africa (said the Swallow), I asked the man under whose roof

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DIRECTORS' REPORT AND ACCOUNTS

The Accounts for the period March 25, 1954 to December 31, 1954, and the Directors' Report, have been before you for some weeks and I assume that you would wish me to take them as read.

Before I comment on the Accounts perhaps I should refer to the fact that, as I indicated last year, the necessary Resolution to sub-divide the shares has been placed on the agenda of this meeting. A desire for this sub-division has been widely expressed by shareholders and by making the shares more readily marketable the number of potential investors may well be increased. We also intend to follow the modern practice of dispensing with the distinctive numbering of shares.

I should mention one other matter arising out of the Directors' Report. The change of the date for the end of the Company's year to December 31 created a small problem in relation to the transfers to the Pension Fund. In order to avoid complications and any possible small unfairness to any member of the staff it was decided to leave the Pension Fund year unaltered. Your directors have consequently agreed to make an allocation for the period from January 1 to March 24 immediately after the Annual General Meeting in each year on account of the transfer for the year then current. The present accounts, of course, include only a proportionate amount appropriate to the period under review.

The Accounts record continued progress and the increase in the funds of over £2 million during this period of approximately nine months is only a little less than the increase during the preceding full year.

There is an increase in premium income in all branches. We should like to express our grateful thanks to the directors, management and staff of the County Fire Office for the willing assistance they have given our staff in the complicated problems of Fire & Accident business.

I am glad to be able to report that mortality continues to be favourable and expenses steady.

INVESTMENTS AND BONUSES

The present Accounts show a reduction of nearly £4 million in Government and Government Guaranteed securities and increases of £1 million in loans on rates, £3 million in debentures and preference shares and £1½ million in equities, our holding of which at the date of these accounts totalled approximately £9 million.

It is satisfactory to record that the Balance Sheet values of the Stock Exchange Securities as at December 31 last were in total less than their market value without recourse to the Investments Reserve Fund.

The increase in the gross rate of interest earned from £4 14*s.* 3*d.* per cent per annum to £4 17*s.* 4*d.* per cent per annum in the Industrial Branch and from £4 13*s.* 11*d.* per cent per annum to £4 16*s.* 10*d.* per cent per annum in the Ordinary Branch is one of the results of the redistribution of the assets from which the full benefit had not been reaped at the date to which these accounts were made up.

The increases in bonuses recommended this year will, I am sure, be welcome to all. They are pointers of good omen and a recommendation for saving through our policies. The bonus additions are one of the advantages that make the particular method of saving which we offer through our policies specially attractive.

It is sometimes said that insurance companies in their cautious investment policy do not contribute sufficiently to industrial expansion. It may interest you to know that during the period under review your Company has found no less than £1½ million for investment in new issues, with an additional amount for new houses erected and purchased under our House Purchase Scheme.

DIVIDEND

Your Directors recommend a dividend which—related as it is to a period of approximately three-quarters of a year—shows an increase in the annual rate.

In the current year your directors propose to institute the practice of paying an interim dividend on November 30 in each year, a step which I know shareholders will welcome.

we had been accommodated to come with us. "But I can't fly," he said. "Try," I said. So he did, and considering his awkward shape and lack of experience flew splendidly. He spent all that summer with us. Then one day he looked very depressed. "Why so gloomy?" I asked. "Your flying is improving every day." "I know," he said, "but one summer doesn't make a swallow."

GRANVILLE GARLEY

ROBIN AESOP'S STORY

Once upon a time, a man and a woman lived in a house in our garden. They had six children. When the children were all grown-up, the man said: "Our children should leave home now." But the woman replied: "Not yet. They are not ready for the world." A little later on, when the children all had families of their own, the man said: "It is time our children found houses of their own." But the woman said: "Oh, no. I like having them near me." When the man and the woman grew too old to work any more, their children turned them out and they had to go and live in an old people's home.

Moral: Drive away your brood as soon as they can fly.

EILEEN M. HAGGITT

"It is often said that men have no intelligence, only instincts. But listen to this. As a thoroughbred filly I often go to Galloping Parties. At these parties it is very bad manners to gallop ahead of the rest, but excitement often betrays even well bred horses into doing so. Not long ago, at a fashionable Galloping Party at Epsom, I was wearing a smart new Jockey (something in mustard and clover). I may have taken an oat too many; anyhow, I found myself galloping well ahead of the rest when my Jockey quite firmly and unmistakably pulled at my mouth, and went on pulling until I dropped back into the main party. Now a Jockey's *instinct* is always to urge us on; this Jockey clearly knew that I was making a 'gaffe' and did his best to save the situation. If that wasn't intelligence, what is?"

L. E. J.

Today I saw the first Spring man. He was wearing a heavy overcoat, a tweed hat, thick gloves and carried a folding stool on which he sat for long periods. He kept his head cocked at different angles as though listening for something. His eyes strained into trees and bushes and he kept very still and quiet, though his breathing rustled all the world and the smell of his body penetrated everywhere. Once or twice his expression changed as though he'd heard a revelation, or assumed a crafty look as if he'd stole a march on others of his kind. I kept my mouth shut. A little bird told me that if I spoke the man would go away, and I preferred to study his antics and attitudes at leisure. He stayed there till daylight began to wane, some eight hours as men reckon. Can any other cuckoo equal this?

PAT BULLEN

Wuff, Wuff, here's Aunty Towser to entertain you on doggyvision. Down, darlings, Sit, *sit*. That's right, now are you all begging pretty to hear the result of our human story competition? Well the prize of a really old and smelly bone had been won by dear little Ch. Prince Pekikins of Kenilworth for the following story about his well-trained master. He writes: "I have taught my master several clever tricks, one of which is to let me take him for a walk whenever I bring him his hat. One day when I wanted to take him out I couldn't find his hat anywhere and simply couldn't make him understand that I wanted 'Walkies' as he calls it, so in desperation I fetched a hat belonging to the Missis and offered him that, and the clever mannie quite understood and we had a fine outing. I dug up my second best bone for him as a reward for his intelligence."

NANCY GUNTER

"Talking about how intelligent a man can be," said the Airedale, "did I ever tell you about the Shortlegged Baldhead I had once? I got him so that he would do anything. I tell you, he was almost canine. Give a bark and he'd get his lead at once. Stand on my hind legs and he'd drop a lump of sugar in my mouth. That sort of thing." "Sounds good," said the Pomeranian, stifling a yawn. "But not exceptional. Now, I had a man . . ." "You've heard nothing yet," said the Airedale. "What do you think of this? That man was so intelligent he could fetch his own newspaper."

EDWARD BLISHEN

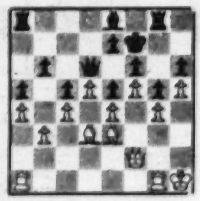
The Chess Board

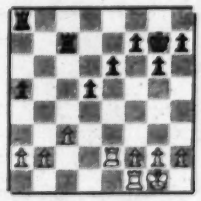
No. 293 The Grandmaster Key

In hotels, I believe, the "master key" will do to open any door. In Chess a more individual touch is required. In Bernstein-Pilnik (Belgrade, 1954) Pilnik, Diagr. L, played K-B2, and planned B-Q2 and KR-QKt1. He felt quite safe behind the locked doors of his encampment. Now see the "grandmaster key" at work.

(34)	P-Kt4!!	RP x P	(47)	R-QR1	R-R6!
(35)	P-R5	R-QB1	(48)	R x R	P x R
(36)	P x P	Q x KtP	(49)	R x P	Q-Kt3
(37)	Q-QR2	B-Q2	(50)	Q-R2	R-Kt2
(38)	Q-R7	Q-Q3	(51)	K-B3	R-Kt1
(39)	KR-QKt1	R-B2	(52)	B-Q1	Q-Kt5
(40)	Q-R6	R-QKt1	(53)	B-Q2	Q-Kt8
(41)	B-QB2	B-KB1	(54)	Q x Q	R x Q
(42)	B-Kt3	K-Kt2	(55)	K-K2	K-B2
(43)	K-Kt2	B-QB1	(56)	B-K3	R-Kt1
(44)	Q-R2	B-Q2	(57)	B x BP	R-B1
(45)	Q-KB2	R-Kt3	(58)	R-R5	K-K1
(46)	R-R8? (R-R5!)	R-R3	(59)	K-Q3	and Black soon resigned

Diagr. R.—Bernstein-Morcken, Amsterdam, 1954—is an instructive ending, remarkable for the manner in which Black paralyses the opponent's Q-wing and exploits the greater mobility of his rooks.





(23)		P-R5	(36)	K x P	R-Kt2 ch
(24)	P-QR3	R-B5	(37)	K-R2	K-B4
(25)	R-Q1	R(1)-QB1	(38)	R-QKt1	R x R
(26)	K-B1	K-B3	(39)	K x R	K-B5
(27)	K-K1	R(1)-B4	(40)	P-QR4	P-B4
(28)	R(2)-Q2	R-K5 ch	(41)	K-B2	P-K5
(29)	K-B1	K-K4	(42)	P x P	QP x P
(30)	R-K2	R(4)-B5	(43)	K-Q2	P-B5
(31)	P-B3	R x R	(44)	P-R4	P-R3
(32)	K x R	K-Q3	(45)	K-K2	P-Kt4
(33)	K-Q3	R-B2	(46)	P x P	P x P
(34)	K-B2	P-K4	(47)	K-B2	K x P!
(35)	P-QKt4	P x P e.p.	(48)	resigns	

The 4-pointer for beginners shows Bernstein (Black) in his more customary role of the victor. He played (1) . . . R x P, whereupon White blundered by (2) R x B; how was he forced to resign next move? **B**—White to win—is a pretty little study shown me the other day by my old friend E. G. R. Cordingley. It may well be a bargain at 6 ladder-points. But **C**—White to draw—may well be worth 7.

A: O. Bernstein 1926

B: Anonymous

C: F. J. Prokop 1927

Usual prizes. Entries by May 23.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 290. Set April 23

A: By R x P ch Black could force the draw.

B: (1) Kt-B5! B-Kt5. (2) K-B8, B-R4. (3) Kt-Q3, K-Q2. (4) Kt-B4, B-K1. (5) Kt-K6! B-R4. (6) Kt-Q8! B-K1. (7) Kt-B7 etc.

But (1) Kt-K5? could be refuted by (1) . . . B-R3!

C: (1) Kt-B6, P-Kt6. (2) Kt-K4, B-B7. (3) Kt-B5 ch!! K-R4. (4) Kt-K6, Kt-K4. (5) Kt-B7, Kt-Q5 (and White must beware of (6) Kt-Kt5? Kt-B6! (7) Kt-Q4, B x Kt).

If (3) . . . K-R6. (4) Kt-K6, Kt-R3. (5) Kt-B7, Kt-B4. (6) Kt-R6, Kt-Kt6. (7) Kt-B5, Kt-Q7 White must beware of (8) Kt-Kt3, Kt-B6! (9) Kt-Q2, Kt-R5

If (3) Kt-B3 ch, Black wins by (3) . . . K-Kt6! etc.

Both **B** and **C** were far from easy, yet a good many competitors got them quite or nearly right. Prizes shared by E. Allan, E. W. Carmichael, M. Kaye, C. Sandberg, A. Schneider.

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Principal—R. L. Marshall, O.B.E., M.A.

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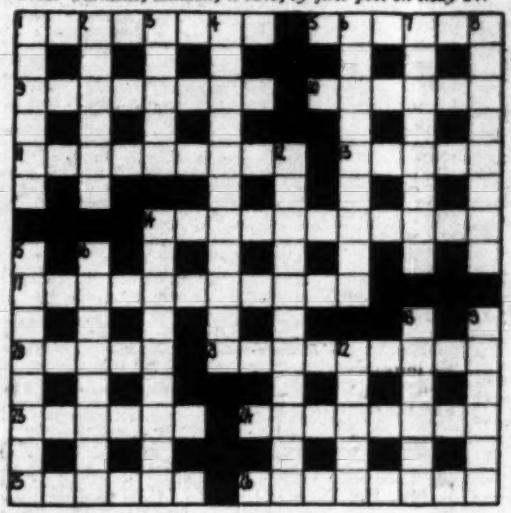
One Research Scholarship valued at £500 is available for session 1955/56 at the Co-operative College, a residential College for adults. Applicants should be qualified to carry out research related to the development of the Co-operative Movement—either in its economic activities or in its social significance.

Information of the College and of the regulations and conditions for the award of the scholarships is available in the College Prospectus which can be obtained from the College Administrative Officer.

Applications for the scholarship must be lodged on or before June 13th, 1955.

Week-end Crossword No. 152

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 152, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on May 24.



ACROSS

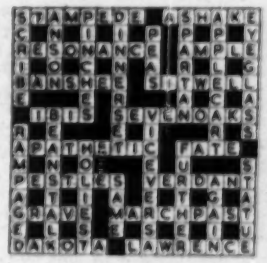
1. They sound like crude tunes for sea-going types (8).
5. Monstrous woman who puts an end to advances (6).
9. Harding has a short month to start with (8).
10. Finally cuts and just edges the ball (6).
11. Wine for a doctor of a foreign language (9).
13. Universal love may be transformed into an undeveloped seed (5).
14. Sailors to wreck between the vessel and the siren perhaps (11).
17. Means of cancelling a test series? (11).
20. Missionary in China in historic circumstances (5).
21. Sally is embracing a member—a divine business! (9).
23. A bird took a mouthful of the delicacy (6).
24. Sane and calm yet may be seen in handcuffs (8).
25. Ice formed solidly all round the world (6).
26. Angry, but not in a stinking rage? (8).

DOWN

1. There is a new one both in England and in Australia (8).
2. Binding work in the arena (6).
3. Farewell which is partly to perish (5).
4. The fun of the fair—one fight among others (11).
6. The boatman to do fifty with me in a wreck (9).
7. Omitted and avoided about ninety (8).
8. Take legal action about a famous lawyer, for a stay of judgment (8).
12. Statesman caught overacting over an article in capital (11).
14. An author of political writings I fit up in a matter of political concern (9).
15. Value in eggs for fertilisers (8).
16. Courted a confused teacher (8).
18. The goddess to keep us informed (6).
19. Tantalised with half a meal (6).
22. Cross I value (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 150



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 150

R. C. Cousens (London, S.W.17), H. Holt (Bradford), Gwyneth Pritchard (Bow, E.3).

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

HAMPSTEAD: Stylish sunny flat for sale, ground floor; share of large garden. 4 fine rooms and dining hall, contemporary decorations. Soundproof covering on all floors. £875 cash, and balance of £3,100 on 4½% mortgage. Box 6773.

IDEALLY suitable conversion to two splendid self-contained flats at low cost. Superior Modern Detached Corner House in good residential area at Bush Hill Park, Enfield, few hundred yards station. 11 main rooms and domestic quarters. Sound repair but needing certain decorations. Low price of £4,250. Freehold includes two garages to be built. Apply Owner, Box 6655.

CHARACTER Cottage. 4 good rooms, kitchen & bathroom, sep. w.c., electric, main water. South aspect with lovely views. 1 mile shops & bus. Garden, orchard, paddock & heath ensure perfect seclusion. Poole-Wimborne area. £2,550. Box 6492.

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FOR sale, £300 freehold, solid stone cottage on lovely Welsh hillside. Large living room, two bedrooms, Calor gas stove in kitchen, bathroom with bath. Real bargain for someone desiring peace and quiet. Details to Box 6880.

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FREEHOLD £1,700, separated wing period hse. nr. Bideford. Mod. cons. Walled gdn. Watson, West Melville, Northam, Devon.

SML. Georg. House, Suffolk. Hall, sit., din., 3 bd. K. B. (H. & C.), 2 w.c.s. Mod. drain. Gdn. Orch. Gas. Phold. Box 6978.

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ROYAL Oak 2 mins., Bayswater 7 mins., Queensway 9 mins., fully furn. flat back overlooking gdns. 2 rooms, kit. (frig.), bath. Sunny (D.V.). £5 p.w. exc. Box 6981.

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S/C part-furn. flat, suit 2, beautiful Dulwich. £26 monthly inc. Box 7086.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

CANTERBURY University College, Christchurch, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the position of Professor of Modern Languages, the successful applicant to take up duties in February, 1956. The present salary scale is £1,592 8s. rising by annual increments of £100 to £1,792 8s. per annum, but the Council may appoint an applicant at maximum figure of £1,792 8s. per annum. Further particulars and information as to the method of application are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 Applications close, in N.Z. and London, on June 15, 1955.

AUCKLAND University College (University of New Zealand). The College Council invites applications for the Chair of Mathematics, which will become vacant at the end of 1955 upon the retirement of Professor H. G. Forder. The present salary scale (which is under review) for a University Chair in New Zealand is £1,500, rising to £1,700 by annual increments of £100, plus the recent cost-of-living adjustment of £92 8s. per annum. The commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications and experience, and the Council may if it sees fit make an appointment at the maximum rate. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Duties to be assumed February 1, 1956. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is June 15, 1955.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. The University of Otago proposes to appoint a Professor of Modern Languages to take up office as soon as convenient. The salary scale for Professors within the University of New Zealand is £1,592 8s. rising by annual increments of £100 to £1,792 8s. per annum, but the Council has complete discretion to appoint an applicant at the upper figure of £1,792 8s. p.a. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close in London and N.Z. on June 15, 1955.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. The University of Otago proposes to appoint a Professor of Geology in place of Professor N. E. Odell, who retires from the Chair at the end of 1955. The salary scale for Professors within the University of New Zealand is £1,592 8s. rising by annual increments of £100 to £1,792 8s. per annum, but the Council has complete discretion to appoint an applicant at the upper figure of £1,792 8s. p.a. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close in London and New Zealand on June 30, 1955.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Philosophy. Salaries are at present under review but the range will not be less than £A950-£A1,350, and an appointment may be made within the range according to qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Duties to be assumed on September 5, 1955. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is June 6, 1955.

UNIVERSITY of Durham, King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Amended Advertisement. Applications are invited for the post of Extension Lecturer in Science in the Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Candidates must have academic qualifications in Pure Science, preferably in physics or chemistry, in which the appointee will be required to lecture at an advanced level to science graduates in industry, etc., principally in Cumberland. He will be expected to establish close co-operation with science departments within the College, where it is hoped to promote some research facilities. Experience in industry will be an advantage. Salary on the Lecturers' scale, rising to £1,350 plus child allowance and superannuation under F.S.S.U. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Director of Extra-Mural Studies, Joseph Cowan House, 153 Barras Bridge, Newcastle upon Tyne 1. Completed forms of application should be submitted by Sat., May 28, 1955. G. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

MARKET Analyst required for Export Division of Ford Motor Company, Ltd., Dagenham, Essex. Degree in economics or commerce essential. Must have analytical mind, good knowledge of statistics and sales, long-term forecasting. Experience of foreign markets and/or motor industry an asset. Age 23/35. Reply to Salaried Personnel Department quoting reference FMA/PP.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow. Assistantship in Soviet Economics and Institutions. Applications are invited for an Assistantship in the Sub-Department of Soviet Economics and Institutions. Applicants should be competent to undertake research on contemporary Russian published materials in at least one of the following subjects: applied economics (preference will be given to applicants specialising in this field); political organisation and general administration; law; education; literature and ideology. Duties will include editorial assistance on the quarterly review, "Soviet Studies." Salary scale: £550 to £650. Initial salary according to experience and qualifications. F.S.S.U. and family allowance benefits. Applications (3 copies) should be lodged, not later than May 31, 1955, with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Robt. T. Hutcheson, Secretary of University Court.

UNIVERSITY of Sheffield. Applications are invited for the post of Research Secretary in the School of Social Studies. Duties include responsibility for the collection of certain published material, as well as typing, clerical work and some simple computing. A qualification in social science would be an advantage, but is not essential. Salary up to £375 p.a., according to experience and qualifications. Applications in writing to the Bursar, the University, Sheffield, 10, as soon as possible, from whom further particulars can be obtained if required.

UNIVERSITY of Durham, King's College and Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle Upon Tyne. Joint Department of Psychological Medicine. Applications are invited for two vacancies for trainee Psychiatric Social Workers in this Department, which consists of a central teaching hospital clinic and a number of associated centres. Candidates should be at least 22 years of age and should hold a Degree with a Post-Graduate Diploma in Social Science or a Social Science Certificate. Appointments will be for a period of one year from October 1, 1955. Salary £350 per annum. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned to whom three copies of application, which should include the names of two referees, should be submitted not later than May 28, 1955. G. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

LONDON County Council. New County Secondary School for Boys at Dacres Road, Lewisham, S.E.23. Headmaster required for this new comprehensive school for about 1,320 boys to be opened in September, 1956. Appointment will probably take effect from January, 1956, for purpose of preliminary planning. The school will be in Burnham Group XIX (head's allowance £800). Courses of various kinds and lengths will be provided including some leading to the General Certificate of Education (ordinary and advanced levels) and some leading to advanced studies in commerce and building. There will be a deputy headmaster with a substantial special allowance and ample provision for other posts of special responsibility. The headmaster will have adequate administrative and secretarial assistance. A person of high academic qualifications, organising ability, wide experience and a strong interest in the whole field of secondary education is looked for. Apply on Form EO/TS10/Dacres obtainable from the Education Officer (TS10), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. (Form TS10B for those who have recently applied for similar posts and have nothing to add.) Closing date May 30, 1955. (671.)

LONDON County Council. Post of Special Responsibility. Deputy Headmistress. Parliament Hill School, Highgate Road, N.W.5. (Headmistress: Miss G. N. M. Edmed, B.A.) A secondary school for about 1,350 girls. The school is at present a grammar school which is being enlarged to become a comprehensive school from September, 1956. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment as deputy headmistress to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1956. Burnham (London) scale salary with substantial special allowance, at present £250 a year, but likely to be increased in relation to proposed increased allowances for advanced teaching. The school will be filled at the outset by the pupils of the former grammar school and by transfers from neighbouring schools. Courses of various kinds and lengths will be provided, including some leading to G.C.E. (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels) and some preparing for advanced courses in catering and needle trades. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application forms EO/TS10 (Parliament Hill) to be obtained from and returned to the Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, by May 27. Candidates who have recently applied for similar posts, and have no particulars to add, may apply on form EO/TS10B. (685.)

STAFFORDSHIRE County Council. Children's Committee. Joint appointment of Foster Father and Staff Nurse (or Nursery Nurse) at The Poplars Residential Nursery, Wissage, City of Lichfield. Applications are invited for the above mentioned post. This Nursery is very pleasantly situated and has just been modernised. Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from the County Children's Officer, 23, Greengate Street, Stafford. Please quote reference P/J. T. H. Evans, Clerk of the County Council.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ROYAL National Institute for the Blind. Training Centre for Blind Adolescents, Hethersett, Reigate. The establishment of an experimental Training Centre for blind adolescents (boys and girls 16 to 18 years) has been approved by the Ministry of Education, and it is hoped to open the Centre in September, 1955. Applications are now invited for the following appointments, to take effect from an earlier date: (a) Principal (man), resident. (b) Vice-Principal (woman), resident. (c) Two Instructors (men or women), resident or non-resident. (d) There will also be a vacancy for a Housekeeper/Matron; the suitably qualified wife of applicants for (a) and (c) would be eligible for consideration. The curriculum will include English; Social Studies; Physical Education; Braille; Light Engineering; Handicrafts. Applicants must offer one or more of these subjects. Previous experience with the blind is essential for the post of Principal and desirable, but not essential, for the others. Salaries will be related to Burnham or appropriate scales, with special increments and full residential emoluments. All posts will be recognised for superannuation. Particulars and application forms from Secretary-General, R.N.I.B. (Ref. EO), 224-8 Great Portland St., London, W.1. Completed applications must be received within 14 days of appearance of this advertisement.

THE Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, London, N.W.1, which is a hundred-year-old independent evening institution providing at low cost a liberal education in a wide range of subjects for men from the age of 16 upwards, requires a full-time paid Secretary to take up duties on September 1, 1955. Candidates, who should preferably be graduates of a British University and be between the ages of 35 and 45, should have administrative experience and some knowledge of accounts. They should be interested in adult education and in the social activities of college life, and should be prepared to accept substantial responsibilities. The successful applicant will, to begin with, work side by side with the present secretary with a view to taking over full responsibility on the latter's retirement in the summer of 1956. The hours, at which he will normally be required to attend, are from 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. and from 5.30 p.m. to 11 p.m. on five days a week with occasional duties on Saturdays. The initial salary offered is £750 p.a. with allowances and, on the retirement of the present secretary, a salary of £900 p.a. (with pension rights) together with an adjacent family flat rent free. Applications, with three references, should be sent to the Vice-Principal, Working Men's College, not later than June 1, 1955.

ESTON Grammar School, a new 2 form grammar school for boys and girls opening in September, 1955. Applications are invited for Senior Mistress, Assistant Masters/Mistresses to be responsible for the organisation of the teaching of their own subject throughout the school; Assistant Masters/Mistresses to take Advanced work and Assistant Masters/Mistresses for Junior work. Special Allowances will be paid in accordance with recent recommendations of the Burnham Cttee. Send stamped addressed env. for particulars and form of application which should be returned as soon as possible. F. Barraclough, County Hall, Northallerton.

SKINNER'S Company's School for Girls (Voluntary Aided Grammar), 117 Stamford Hill, London, N.16. Required for September: Either Mistress to teach Physics to Advanced Level and University Entrance standard, and General Science to junior forms. London Burnham salary with special responsibility allowance for suitable candidate. Or: Full-time Mistress to teach General Science and Geography to junior and middle school forms; And a part-time Mistress (or Master) to teach Advanced Level Physics to the Sixth form. Apply to the Head Mistress.

LIBRARIANS, Grade IV. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts—one in the Scottish Police College, Tullialian, Kincardine, on Forth, Clackmannanshire, one in the India Office Library, London, one in the Royal Aircraft Establishment Library, Farnborough, Hants., and one in the Board of Trade. There may be vacancies in other Departments. The post in the Scottish Police College is open to men only. Age at least 22 on May 1, 1955. Candidates must be Fellows or Associates of the Library Association or hold the Diploma of the London University School of Librarianship. Experience of Library work essential. London salary scales for men—£432-£830; women—£427-£717—subject to improvement under Equal Pay scheme. Inclusive starting pay according to age up to £517 (men) or £493 (women) at age 25 or over. Somewhat lower in provinces. Promotion prospects. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4453/55. Appl. forms to be returned by May 26, 1955.

SHROPSHIRE County Library. Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for two posts: (a) Children's Librarian, based on Shrewsbury, to organize Children's Library work throughout the County. Salary APT II (£560-£640) with separation allowance for married officers in approved cases. (b) Librarian for South Shropshire Mobile Library, based on Ludlow. Salary APT I (£500-£580). Details with application forms may be obtained from H. Martin Wilson, Secretary for Education, County Buildings, Shrewsbury, Shropshire.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Sociology in the Department of Social Anthropology. Salary on a scale £650-£1,350 per annum; initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than May 28, 1955, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1955, but early application is advised as an earlier closing date may be announced. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The Scientific posts cover a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In biological subjects the number of vacancies is small: individual vacancies exist for candidates who have special knowledge of, or who are interested in palæobotany, foraminifera, and recent and pleistocene mammals. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first- or second-class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates taking their degrees in 1955 may apply before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted. For Scientific Officers between 21 and 28 during 1955 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers: (men) £1,010-£1,185; (women) £893-£1,077. Scientific Officers: (men) £492-£885; (women) £492-£795. Women's scales subject to improvement under equal pay scheme. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/55 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/55 for Scientific Officers. Royal Mint has a vacancy to be filled as Scientific Officer or Senior Scientific Officer according to qualifications and experience. Candidates must have first- or second-class honours degree in Metallurgy, or in Physics and Chemistry if with metallurgical experience. The general qualifications and conditions are as set out in the main advertisement above. Candidates for this post should quote S.4424/53/55 and the closing date for applications is May 31, 1955.

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1955, but forms should be returned as soon as possible as an earlier closing date may be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. Applications from meteorologists must be received by May 31, 1955. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including, e.g. Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1955; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1955. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates aged 31 or over with specialised experience for Experimental Officer posts may be admitted. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1955 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Salary (London): Experimental Officer £750 – £920 (men); £663 – £808 (women). Assistant Experimental Officer. £302 (at age 18) to £670 (men), £584 (women). Starting pay up to £545 (men) or £516 (women) at 26. Somewhat lower outside London. Promotion prospects. Women's scales subject to improvement under equal pay scheme. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/55.

CHILD Welfare Officers—London County Council requires qualified and experienced men and women for engagement as vacancies occur. Salary: £541 17s. 6d. rising to £701 5s. Duties include receiving into care; rehabilitation; boarding-out; adoption supervision; after-care and other field-work associated with deprived children. Full details and application forms (stamped, addressed foolscap envelope) from Children's Officer (CHA/A1), County Hall, London, S.E.1. Closing date May 31, 1955. (493.)

OLD-estab. publishers req. sec.-shorthand-typist. No Sats. Box 7133.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

DEPARTMENT of Scientific and Industrial Research. Senior Scientific Officer (Social Psychologist). The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for a pensionable post at the *User Requirements* Division of the Building Research Station, London, W.1. The officer appointed will undertake research into the relationship between the design of buildings of all types and the requirements of their occupants. Age at least 32* on December 31, 1955. Candidates must have either a first or second class honours degree with Psychology (including social and industrial psychology) as a main subject, with experience of field experiments or surveys, or a degree in some branch of Science, and have had subsequent training and experience in psychology. Exceptionally a candidate without a degree qualification may be admitted if his other training is eminently suitable. Inclusive annual remuneration for a 45½-hour week: (Men)—£1,091—£1,279; (Women) £964—£1,162. Exceptionally a starting pay above the minimum may be granted according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars and application forms from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, W.1, quoting No. S4450/55. Applications must be returned by May 31, 1955. * Candidates under age 32 on December 31, 1955, may be considered but must apply through the open competition quoting No. S4450/53/55.

HER Majesty's Overseas Civil Service. A vacancy exists for a Deputy Director of Information Services, Eastern Region, Nigeria. Qualifications: Male not less than 35 years with good general education and at least 10 years' journalistic experience including illustrated magazine production and administrative experience. Duties: Initiation and production of illustrated booklets and other information material: assistance in the administration of an expanding Information Service and with the production of existing weekly newspaper. Terms of Appointment: On contract terms for a period of up to five years with emoluments according to experience in the scale £807 to £1,715 per annum. Gratuity is payable, on satisfactory completion of contract, at the rate of £25 for each completed period of 3 months' resident service on salary up to £1,000 per annum and £37 10s. above that salary. Outfit allowance of £60. Generous leave and free first class passages for officer and wife; assisted passages for children. Low Income Tax at local rates. Free medical and dental treatment. Quarters are provided at a rental of 10 per cent of basic salary. Apply in writing to the Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Great Smith St., London, S.W.1, giving briefly age, qualifications and experience. Mention ref. number BCD 148/14/04.

DICTIONARY of the Older Scottish Tongue. Applications are invited for two posts of Assistant Editor of the Dictionary of the Older Scottish Tongue. Salaries will be on the scales £750 rising to £900 and £550 rising to £800, in both cases by annual increments of £50. Placing may be made on either scale according to qualifications and experience. The appointments will be subject to superannuation under F.S.S.U. Successful candidates may be appointed Research Fellows in the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, and may have opportunities for lecturing. Applicants should have a good Honours degree, preferably in English Philology or Scottish History. Applications should state when the candidate would be free to take up duties in Edinburgh. Further details may be obtained from A. J. Aitken, 27 George Square, Edinburgh, with whom applications, at least partly in the candidate's own handwriting and giving names of two refs., should be lodged by May 31, 1955.

SCOTTISH National Dictionary. Applications are invited for two posts of Assistant Editor of the Scottish National Dictionary. Salaries will be on the scales £750 rising to £900 and £550 rising to £800, in both cases by annual increments of £50. Placing may be made on either scale according to qualifications and experience. The appointments will be subject to superannuation under F.S.S.U. Applicants should have a good Honours degree and have specialised in Philology (preferably English) or Scottish History. Further details may be obtained from the Editor, Scottish National Dictionary, 27 George Square, Edinburgh, with whom applications, giving the names of two referees and stating when the candidate would be free to take up duties in Edinburgh, should be lodged by May 31, 1955.

ST. BERNARD'S Hospital for Nervous & Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Personal Assistant to Group Secretary required. Successful applicant must be a competent shorthand typist with experience of duplicating. Knowledge of Committee Procedure and drafting of minutes, etc., an advantage. Vacancy May/June. Permanent & pensionable. Salary £380, rising by annual increments of £15 to £470 (plus London Weighting). Apply in writing to Group Secretary giving full details of age, experience, and names and addresses of three referees.

ASSISTANT House Mothers, resident, wanted for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Minimum salary £26 10s. a month, less valuation of emoluments. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

BRITISH Museum, Assistant Keepers (Second Class): The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for 4 pensionable posts: (a) 2 in Department of Printed Books; (b) 1 in Department of Coins and Medals; (c) 1 in Department of British and Mediæval Antiquities. Age at least 22 and under 26 on September 1, 1955, with extension for Forces service, established Civil Service and for exceptional qualifications. Candidates must have, or obtain in Summer, 1955, a University degree with First- or Second-Class honours and must have a competent knowledge of two modern languages, preferably French and German. For one of the posts under (a) a degree in Classics is preferred. Under (b) a knowledge of Sanskrit is essential. Under (c) the two modern languages must be French and German. A special interest in Palæolithic and Mesolithic archæology, some knowledge of those Natural Sciences (Geology, Palæontology, Zoology, etc.) with which palæolithic archæology is closely connected, and experience of field work and excavation are desirable. Salary scales: Men £470-£685; women £470-£595—subject to improvement under equal pay scheme. Starting pay may be increased for approved post-graduate experience and for compulsory Forces service. Prospects of promotion. Particulars and application form from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 131/55. Application forms to be returned by May 24, 1955.

B.B.C. requires Film Recordists for Television News and Newsreel, News Division. Candidates should be experienced in the operation of the recording component of combined sound and picture cameras (35mm and 16mm) and/or of mobile recording units, and should be able to undertake running maintenance of recording gear in their charge. Knowledge of camera operation and ability to drive a car advantages. Candidates should be medically fit and ready to fly and to cover assignments at home or abroad at short notice. Salary £765 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,025 p.a. maximum). Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "880 N.Sun.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

GULF Eastern Company. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Librarian with the above company; Age 20-28. Salary for age 20-24 depending on experience up to £475 p.a., over 24 depending on experience and qualifications. Hours 9-5.30 and alternate Saturdays. Duties will be in the development and operation of the Legal Department Library of the Company. Applications should be addressed to Personnel Manager, 75 Brook Street, W.1; minimum qualifications five passes in G.C.E. and typing. Some previous experience and language proficiency an advantage but not essential.

LONDON County Council. Administrative Vacancies in Major Establishment. An examination will be held in London on July 18 and 19, 1955, open to candidates born on or between Aug. 2, 1929 and Aug. 1, 1934, who are University graduates or undergraduates in last year of degree course. Age allnce. for regular service in H.M. Forces. Commencing salaries according to age between £382 10s. at 21 and £541 17s. 6d. at 26. Scale rises to £701 5s. Good conditions and generous leave scales, prospects of promotion. Apply to Director of Establishments (A.2), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, for detailed leaflet and application form M.E.1. Closing date June 13.

LONDON County Council. Many of London's handicapped children live in boarding schools in the country or on the coast. Vacancies arise from time to time for resident Housemistress to help in caring for groups of these children and in fitting them to live normal lives as far as possible. The work is exacting but stimulating. The annual salary is £376 2s. 6d. × £12 15s.—£439 17s. 6d. plus an additional allowance of £25 10s. if working with specially difficult children. Appointments above the minimum of the salary scale may be made for candidates with relevant experience. A charge at present of £94 a year is made for excellent accommodation, board and laundry. The Education Officer (Estab. 6/549/3) will gladly supply details if persons interested will write to County Hall, London, S.E.1 (Tel. WATerloo 5000, Ext. 7252) or call at Room 458 on any Monday afternoon.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Secretary/Agent to the Mitcham Constituency Labour Party. Salary and conditions in accordance with the National Agreement. Forms of applic. may be obtained from Mr. R. Bracken, 54 Bruce Rd., Mitcham, Surrey, to whom they must be returned by May 31.

TRAVEL Agency requires male resident representative for duties abroad. Must be available May 20 to Sept. 24, able speak French. Age 23-45. Write fully. Box 7073.

BRISTOL Social Project. Appointment is contemplated of a trained social worker with experience in organising groups, both among children and adults, to assist and develop local groups on Bristol housing estate. Practical work will be combined with observation and research as member of the team. Salary £600 p.a. Full details available from Secretary, Bristol Social Project, 4, Berkeley Square, Bristol, 8.

LONDON County Council. Educational Psychologist required to work as a member of full clinic team at Earls Court Child Guidance Unit. Duties include liaison with schools. Honours degree, clinical training and educational experience essential. Salary: £765–£1,020 (commencing salary above minimum may be considered). Application forms, with full details, from Education Officer (EO/Estab.2/C), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, must be returned by May 27.

METROPOLITAN Borough of Camberwell. Public Relations and Entertainments Officer. Salary National Scales A.P.T. IV/V (£705-£930 inclusive of London weighting). Duties will include publicity for Council's activities, liaison with the Press, Road Safety, Municipal Entertainments and supervision of Information Centre. Local Government experience desirable. Assistant Public Relations and Entertainments Officer. National scale, grade A.P.T. II (£590-£670 inclusive.) Duties will include supervision of the Council's community centres. Both appointments permanent and superannuable. Application form (state which post applied for) from Town Clerk, Town Hall, Camberwell, S.E.5. Closing date Saturday, May 21, 1955.

WELFARE Visitor reqd. by Middlesex County Council for new work, i.e., visiting and services to substantially and permanently handicapped persons (other than blind), in Southall, Brentford and Chiswick, and Heston and Isleworth districts. Duties under direction of Area Welfare Officer, from office at Brentford. Should be thoroughly conversant with the social services available from statutory and voluntary sources, and capable of suggesting and, where appropriate, obtaining services suited to individual needs. Ability to teach handicrafts to home-bound cripples, etc., desirable. Preference given if Social Science diploma or equivalent qualification, or wide experience of this or similar welfare work. Salary (£10 p.a. less if under 26 years) Min. III (£450—£515 p.a.) or Grade I (£530—£610 p.a.) acctg. to age and quals. Pensionable, subject to medical assessment and prescribed conditions. Write, age, sex, marital state, education, quals., exper., present position, 3 referees, to Chief Welfare Officer, 1 Queen Anne's Gate Buildings, Dartmouth St., S.W.1, within 10 days (quote Q.329, NS). Canvassing disqualifies.

ESSEX Education Committee. Borough of Ilford. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at the Ilford Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should possess the Mental Health Certificate of the University of London or other approved certificate or diploma. Salary, in accordance with the current scale of the Whitley Councils for the Health Services (Great Britain), maximum £640 per annum, plus London Weighting. Applications to be made by letter, giving full details of age, qualifications and experience, to the Borough Education Officer, Town Hall, Ilford, within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health. Duncroft Approved School for Senior Girls. Required for this School, a Senior Member of Staff, qualified as a Teacher, and experienced in dealing with adolescent girls. The successful applicant would, after a period of training in the School, be eligible for a position of special responsibility. The post is resident, and board and lodging is provided at a charge of £108 a year. Salary will be paid in accordance with the 1954 Burnham Scale for Teachers, with four additional increments. Terms of appointment, salary details, etc., given on application to the Headmistress, Duncroft, Moor Lane, Staines, Middx.

INTERNATIONAL Sociological Association. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Secretary. Applicants should have a higher degree in sociology and preferably some experience of administration and/or of the organisation of research. A knowledge of foreign languages (especially French) will be an advantage. The salary will be on a scale from £600-£800 a year. Applications to the Executive Secretary, 13 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.

APPLICATIONS invited for post of full-time Welfare Officer—female. Communications, stating full particulars, exper., etc., should be addressed to Asst. Sec., Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, W.2.

LONDON Calendar & Diary manufacturers require artist able to do rough lettering, visualise and prepare layouts, in contemporary style. Knowl. typography and printing. Send specimens of original designs together with full details & sal. reqd. to Condraw, Ltd., 193, Sloane St., S.W.1.

EASTMAN Dental Hospital and Institute of Dental Surgery (University of London), Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1. Person with drawing ability required on research project for tracing X-ray films. 25 hours per week. Salary £5. Apply in writing to the Secretary and Finance Officer.

YOUNG woman with some knowledge of shorthand-typing and languages required in the Publicity Department of The Decca Record Co., Ltd., to work on advertising and the compiling of record lists. Apply to The Publicity Manager, 1-3 Brixton Road, London, S.W.9.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

CENTRAL Council for The Care of Cripples. Accounts Clerk, man or woman, with bookkeeping and accountancy experience, to take full charge. Salary £900 p.a. Applications in writing, giving full particulars of training and experience, with references, to Secretary, C.C.C.C., 34 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

TUTOR, young, A-1 references, friendly superior personality only, for boy 11; free for travel. Top salary. Write Box OFA 4973 CH, Orell Füssli-Annoncen, Zurich, Switzerland.

PINEWOOD, The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter, needs staff (1) Handyman with interest in children's craft & workshop, (2) Housemother or domestic. Hele 390.

TEMPORARY Cook/Housekeeper wanted for holiday house in Cornwall, 6 weeks from July 22. Ref. essen. Mrs. Feany, 217 Yardley Wood Rd., Moseley, Birmingham.

PERFECT English-German secretary required. Reply to Box 7040.

SHORTHAND-typist required from May 31 for secretarial work with professional staff. Whitley Council conditions of service and scale A (£325 p.a. at 25 yrs. or over rising to £410 p.a.). Apply to Secretary, Tavistock Clinic, 2 Beaumont Street, W.1.

SHORTHAND-Typist reqd. by London Travel Agency. Hrs. 10.30 to 4.30. Salary £5. No Sats. Tel. COV. 2021.

SHORTHAND-Typist, with experience in social work and/or publications, required by National Marriage Guidance Council. Married woman preferred. Salary £6 to £7 p.w. Written applications to Office Secretary, N.M.G.C., 78 Duke St., W.1.

COUNCIL engaged in social and educational work reqs. well-educated shorthand typist. Increasing responsibility and opportunity gaining experience committee procedure. No Saturdays. Box 7072.

SHORTHAND-Typist, temporary, for national daily newspaper. Interesting work, good salary. Box 6983.

ADVERTISING Nov. Mnfrs. req. efficient shtnd. corresp. to administrate small office. Agents/reps. also required. Write Convex, Ltd., 41 Brecknock Rd., N.7.

SECRETARY-sh./typist to Wardens of the Bernhard Baron St. George's Jewish Settlement reqd. mid-May. Work of exceptional interest and responsibility. Apply Deputy Warden, 33 Berner St., E.1.

EXPANDING Secretarial Service wants efficient typist. Interesting, varied work for intelligent girl/woman. Any experience/language an asset. WEL. 5643.

INTELLIGENT girl wanted to live as family and help with 3 schoolgirls and baby. Mod. house, dly. help kept. Salary according to age. Apply Mrs. J. Bronowski, The Square House, Cleeve Hill, Cheltenham.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

CHIEF Clerk, age 31, having arrived at a dead end in present employment, would like to hear from employers having vacancies where organising ability, integrity & hard work are appreciated. Box 6580.

ECON. Graduate (35) shs. admin. post. Linguist. Car owner. Box 6659.

PHYSICS Grad. studying music part-time, reqs. 3 days' work per wk. Electronics & general lab. exper. Anything interesting enthusiastically considered. Box 6680.

WOMAN, 29, University education, A.I.I. (French & German), travelled, experience medicine and doctors, available secretarial assistant doctor(s) or writer. Has typewriter, stenorette. Box 6809.

EXP. Sec. (f. 30), good Sh./T., shs. int., responsible post, £8 10s. Box 6779.

WOMAN Hons. grad., widely travelled; many years' experience interviewing, assessing, reporting in industrial & social fields; liaison & committee work. French & excellent German. Shortly available. London based. Box 6833.

INTELLIGENT attractive young woman writer wants interesting job. Experienced production / editorial / magazine / secretarial. Speaks fluent French. Box 7054.

YOUNG lady seeks post in office where knowledge of design and lettering required. Keen worker. Box 7032.

MUSICOLOGIST, age 25, sex unfortunately (for present purposes) female, with varied radio and journalistic experience, some French, adequate typing, no objection to work (irregular hours preferred), would be glad to hear of an opportunity to exercise capabilities at reas. remuneration. Box 7015.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 19 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

IF you need an efficient secretary, junior or senior, apply to the Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Lndn., W.1. May. 6626.

PERSONAL

ENTERPRISING farmer, 34, returning England from U.S.A. mid-June: biology trained, published writer and photographer, sales & publicity exp., fluent German, seeks post. Lobstein, c/o Hayward, Jordans, Bucks.

LADY wanted, about 21, to complete mixed party. Holiday French Coast, late June. Inexpensive. Box 6731.

CARAVAN for sale, two-berth, aluminium shell, fully furnished. Site Littlehampton. £150. Box 6728.

PARENTS of boy 8, girl 7, would welcome young foster child. Mother is State Registered Nurse. Harrison, 75 Gadesden Road, West Ewell, Surrey.

WD. seaside fam., 1/2 yg. children, like smmr. exch. entry, hol. Bucks fam.? Lovely hse. Gdn. Easy reach Lon. Box 6702.

COMPANION (f.) wanted for hitch-hiking holiday by young lady. Box 6694.

YOUNG professional man seeks to join mixed group for continental holiday Aug./Sept. Alternatively make up party of 4 in own car. Box 6691.

BARCELONA, 23/7 to 7/8, gentleman wishes to make up a party, m. or f., to get reduced fare. Box 6689.

HELP! Club International requires competent person to look after expanding social activities. Organising ability or exper. essential. Terms voluntary. Write now, Gen. Sec., 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1.

WOMAN grad., var. ints. (mus., lit., soc., &c.) seeks part-time work. Box 6993.

WRITER, 30, wants job abroad. Ex-game warden Scotland, tutor, lecturer Brit. Counc. Italy, copywriter N.Z. Box 7030.

WORKROOM required by young potter; convertible garage, basement, or small outbuilding wd. suit. London area. Box 6791.

CAN anyone recom. any small all-Engl. mixed W. End Social Clubs? Box 6774.

SEASIDE holidays for children. Picnics. Excursions. Every care. Thanet House School, 18 Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

BRILLIANT but impecunious French girl (15) wishing improve Engl. sks. London fam. 1 mth. summer. Max. £4 p.w. Box 6990.

SAVE a year's expense by expert tuition now. G.C.E. Sciences and Maths. London area. Box 6827.

UP to 3 seats avail. in car returning London by June 26 from Pyrenees or Riviera. Box 6836.

SOUTH Africa. Citrus Farmer and wife want to change places with anybody for several months 1956. Well staffed tasteful home and farm. D. Lennox Smit, Cranford, Fort Beaufort, South Africa.

T.V. Plays. Chance for young writers. £125 prizes in competition promoted by Cheltenham Literary Festival Oct. 3-7. B.B.C. and A.B.C. have options to produce winners. Details, on receipt of stamped add. env. from Festival Organiser, Town Hall, Cheltenham.

FRENCH lessons given by French student. Six shillings per hour. Box 6980.

YNG. woman likes redec., gardening. Having exhausted possibilities own flat, wd. assist anyone reqg. help Lond. Box 6976.

THE right No. for the "Owl & Pussycat" is HAM. 5843. Please ring us for colourful, distinctive & really practical clothes for children. You will be amazed at our range & pleasantly surprised at our prices.

PROSPECTIVE candidates, holiday-makers, home-seekers. Caravan, 2 double Dunlopillo berths. Gas heating, lighting, cooking, also anthracite. Built-in W.C. All oak fittings. Ready drive away. £367. View Sevenoaks, but first write 26 Park Village East, N.W.1.

WOULD the owners of a small seaside house, cottage or flat care to exchange it last two weeks August for delightful house with large sunny rooms full of pictures and books, garden, daily help, close river and Richmond Park, but only 1hr. Piccadilly? Suggestions welcd.: Mrs. Harold Hussey, 23 The Avenue, Kew Gardens, Surrey.

CÔTE d'Azur: House coastal village 3 persons. Avail. May 21 to June 18 & July 2 to 16. Interstate, 24 Newman St., W.1.

AUTHOR-Editor has much spare-time stepping-stone work for brilliant, neat, literary-minded junior. Times by arrangement. Box 6727.

HOLIDAY Companion. F., 40, seeks similar fly S. France 1st 3 wks. July, or place in car, share exps. Box 6879.

PT.-TIME secretarial/other help rqd., quiet N.W.1 writer's home on au pair plus pro rata basis. S/c. qtrs. with board-res. Suit theatre-minded, mature practical pers. w. own interests, sound Engl., French. Box 7062.

EYESIGHT improved without Glasses. If you have defective vision a qualified Bates Practitioner can help you. Miss Evelyn Sage, 76 Twyford Av., London, N.2. TUD. 4776.

ADPHONES. If you want to buy or sell anything privately. Any and every article for you and your home. Property, accommodation. Personal services. 4 Wellington Terrace, Bayswater Road, W.2. BAYswater 7224. Adphones.

PERSONAL—continued

HEATHERLEYS provides first-class tuition in drawing, painting, mosaic—and a unique course in film technique. Heatherley School of Art, 33 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1. VIC. 6077.

"WRITING for the B.B.C." is included in weekend course on Creative Writing, Jun. 3, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

ILLEGITIMACY laws. Write your M.P. demanding reform. Box 6840.

HAVE you seen the new sound version of "Battleship Potemkin" on 16mm? Film shows are easy to arrange and inexpensive for your Labour Party social, your Co-op. Guild or Trade Union branch. We have over 300 feature and documentary films, travelogues and biographies. Projection service if desired. Send 1s. for a catalogue to: Plato Films, Dept. D., 376 Gray's Inn Rd., Ldn., W.C.1.

PAINTING & Drawing in unspoilt country within reas. distance London. Weekends, or any longer period of time, from now until Oct., beginners or more advanced, but essentially serious workers. Box 6582.

STUDENT or other young woman wanted to help with two small boys (5 & 8 years), July & August. Country house 2½ miles from Stratford-on-Avon. Box 6477.

SLIGHTLY handicapped lady wishes join leisurely car trip taking 3-4 wks. or longer to Spain or Italy staying there 2 weeks in fishing village. Share exps. which should be kept as low as possible. Box 6447.

LADY teacher (Austrian) would like to spend her holidays (June-July) as paying guest with English family to improve her English. Box 6446.

PITMAN'S Shorthand. Private individual tuition in pleasant sunny flat. No classes. Evgs. only. PAD. 6929 (evgs.).

YOUNG man, highest integrity, desires seat in car. Holiday Spain early Sept. fortnight. Share exps. GLA. 7005, evgs.

CULTURED Israel family (non-Orthodox) living pleasant suburban house, garden, nr. Tel Aviv, desirous arrange au pair visit to London for daughter aged 15; would welcome girl similar age June-Sept. Box 6675.

FREE sailing on the Broads this summer offered to suitable men in return for taking charge of sailing boat & 5 boys. Further details from Skemp, 2a Rawlinson Road, Oxford.

YOUNG lady dental surgeon would be grateful to ship's doctor or others for advice on travel round world. Box 6625.

YOUNG man seeks another, easy-going, athletic type, for out-of-the-ordinary week-end and summer holidays. Box 6623.

DANISH Student (f.) of English sks. position in graduate household; reasonable wage and keep; 6 mths. from July. Andersen, Lindesnosvej 17, Aarhus, Denmark.

CHILDREN'S Holiday in Devon. Of interest to parents unable to be with children during holidays. A large house and garden, specially equipped for children, good food, permanent supervision, within few minutes sandy beach. For details please write Similinter, Ltd., 32-34 Rupert St., W.1. Phone GERrard 1067/8/9.

POST-Election holis., Land's End. Russell 18 Manor Mans., N.W.3. PRI. 4068.

COCKAIGNE Club. Whit., July, Aug., 15-day casual hols., France, Spain, from 20gns. Social May 22, evg. 18 Manor Mansions, N.W.3. PRI. 4068.

NORWAY: 4-centre tour including Oslo, with well-known Jewish Society. Long days. Good climate. July 31-Aug. 14. Air travel. Approx. £47. Box 6912.

OFFICER, 30s, returning from overseas July seeks suggestions six weeks' leave. Interests food, music, swimming, dancing. Own car. Francophile. Box 7039.

TWO seats avail. in car to Marseilles early June. Share exps. Box 7038.

GUITAR lessons, technique/theory/harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov. FLA. 4354.

MOTHERS, take a complete rest this summer. Young foreign girls, willing to help with children, little housework in return for pocket money, available short/long periods. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

READING or writing in a foreign language is all very well, but can you talk? Short intensive conversation courses in all languages. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2. TRA. 2044.

CONTINENTAL students seek homes as paying guests, au pair or exchange visitors. Family Friendships Service, 46 Muswell Hill Road, N.10.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner. Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Rd., S.W.7. WEStern 5209.

BURGESS Hill School summer camp in Guernsey, August 2, for three weeks. 16gns. incl. air travel. Apply: Secretary, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. HAM. 2019

PERSONAL—continued

WHITSUN Holidays: enjoy spring flowers, sunshine and pleasant company and join one of our Whitsun parties in Austria, Spain (Costa Brava and Balearic Islands) or in Britain (Sussex, Suffolk, Isle of Wight). Details of these and other Spring and Summer arrangements from Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

COACH Tour of E. Germany! This is your first opportunity to enjoy a 16-day luxury tour of the Soviet Zone. Magnificent programme, starting from Berlin and visiting Leipzig, Potsdam, Dresden, Weimar and other places of interest. £40 all in. July 23-Aug. 7 and Aug. 6-21. Send for full details from: Progressive Tours, Dept. D, 100a Rochester Row, London, S.W.1.

PARIS: 7 days for 11gns. inc. air travel. Yugoslavia: 14 days for 30gns. Vienna: 14 days for 26gns. Tour of Denmark: 14 days for 28gns. These and other inexpensive holidays from Youth Holidays, 8 Gayfere St., S.W.1. Tel. ABB. 6894.

MAJORCA. Stop Press. We are pleased to announce that after successful negotiations additional air services and accommodation have now been arranged for our heavily booked holidays in Majorca from £51 10s., all inclusive. Write or 'phone immediately for exciting fully illustrated Free brochure to Dept. N.S.19, Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CIT. 7163.

INNSBRUCK: If you intend to visit Innsbruck by air between June 1 and September 30, 1955, please write to Box 6869.

SKETCHING party to the Tyrol July/Aug. incl. Dolomites cond. by Austrian artist. 15 days, 26gns. Details: Four Seasons Travel, 49 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 7853.

CRUISING on canals. Comf. cruisers for 2-6 people. 6ft headroom. Choice of 7 routes over 700 miles of canals & rivers. Canal Cruising Co. (N), Stone, Staffs.

ACADEMIC Tours are different: lecturers from our own universities guide small parties. Accommodation is excellent yet prices low—we are non-profit making. You can still book for Hellenic Cruises, one by yacht, art tours to Spain or Classical Italy, for the French Caves or for Scandinavia and Iceland. Special reductions for students. Write now for full programme to Academic Tours, 106 Kensington High St., W.8.

FAMILY, Language and House Party Holidays are amongst our special holiday features! We can offer you inexpensive party and individual arrangements in Britain, in the Austrian Tyrol, in Majorca and on the Italian Adriatic. Special family reductions. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

PORTUGAL by Liner. 16 days inc. £39. 80 holidays in 18 countries from £15 10s., 2 wks. inc. Send stamp Holiday Friendship Service, 48 Dalston Lane, E.8. CLI. 3302.

SPAIN, Majorca, Ibiza. 15 days from £34 10s. including travel, full pension, etc. Free Guide and programme from New Vistas Travel Service, Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. (Molesey 2105).

AIR travel included in 2 weeks' tours starting July 23 Switzerland, July 30 Austria (coach tour Vienna), Aug. 6 Tyrol, Aug. 14 N. Italy, Aug. 28 Yugoslavia. £32 to £42. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

REVEL in the sun (and cheaply) at Cannes, Cadiz, or Seville University Summer School, from 31½gns. Write now, Mary Sanger, 106 Kensington High St., W.8.

APPLICS. invited to form parties of 8 for fortnightly visits Spanish Med. coast, travelling Volkswagen Microbus. Box 5374.

WALKING Tours, Mountain Centre holidays, Climbing Tours & unconventional sight-seeing holidays throughout Europe. 68-page booklet from Ramblers Assoc., 48 (M4) Park Rd., N.W.1.

I.T.T. Walking Holidays—2 weeks, Spain £37 10s.; Slovenia £35 10s. Write, 6 Bainbrigge Rd., Leeds 6. (S4)

LAST Minute Continental Holidays. Not mass-produced, but individually arranged at reasonable cost, to all Continental countries. Also rail and air holidays with travel reductions with individual (not party) hotel arrangements. Special offers on Greece and the Holy Land. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd. (Department N.S.), 111 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Sq., W.C.2. WHI. 4114.

INEXPENSIVE Mountain Holidays. The Savoy Alps, grouped around Mont Blanc, are a holiday ground with breath-taking views, superb air, magnificent walks and excellent food at most reasonable prices. Perfect for a "different" summer holiday. Full list of hotels and inclusive prices from the French Government Tourist Office, 178 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

YOUR Continental holiday starts by viewing the new ideas in Beach and Swim Wear at Vince Man's Shop, 5 Newburgh St., Foubert's Pl., Regent St., W.1. GER. 3730. Call or send for new 1955 illus. catalogue.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

VESTA Tilley at Drury Lane, Champagne Supper after the Show; Lambert & Butler's Straight Cut cigarettes. Made for Halcyon Days, but still as good today. 20 for 3s. 11d.

PERSONAL—continued

YUGOSLAVIA Sept. 9-25. Party wish augment for group fare booking. Box 6891.

TEACHER, 33, seeks any interesting post, specialised knowledge French, German (written, spoken) & international relations, practised in reporting. 9 yrs. abroad. Free Sept. '55. Box 6887.

AUGUST work wanted by lady, widow, where daughter 12 welc. Anything consid., pref. farmhouse/abroad. Box 6902.

GRASS Widow with child 4 has small s/c flat to let to another interested in education & the significance of life. Densham, Frogham, Fordingbridge, Hants.

WOMAN painter (40s) living Chelsea would be unpaid companion to similar or writer. Clerical some cooking. Living, travelling foreign country prefd. Some contrib. exps. Simple living. Refs. exch. Box 6815.

FRENCH parents sk. summer holiday home (pref. Berks.-Oxon.), child(ren) same age, for son (14) to improve Engl. Box 6800.

BACHELOR (37) contemplating Denmark July would welcome another's company. Box 6799.

YOUNG man, 29, wide interests and personality, seeks 1/2 companions (m.) for good-class holiday last 2 weeks July. Pref. car owner, share exps. Box 6792.

MARRIED couple, visiting friends, sk. seats car trav. S. Germany, Switzerland or W. Austria about July 23, retng. about Aug. 7. Wheeler, 2 Park View, Adel, Leeds, 16.

GENTLEMEN don't buy. Have your shirts repaired as new. Moderate charges from 2s. 9d. for new neck bands to 6s. 6d. for new fronts. Work of highest standard. Full price list: Joanna, Dept. 32, 26 Southbourne Grove, W. Southbourne, Bournemouth, Hants.

CARAVAN. Furn. 2-3. New Forest. Beautiful, convenient, private. Leek, Godshill, Fordingbridge.

VACANCIES air tours France, Italy, Spain, Greece, Turkey. Coach and rail tours from £15. S.a.e., 209 Westmount Rd., S.E.9.

BARGAIN. Dictating - cum - Transcribing Machine, 30 cylinders, Shaver. Ex. order. Ring EUS. 1200 Ex. 704 to view. Pref. struggling office or writer.

PSYCHOLOGIST, P. J. Perlow, 89 Somerton Road, N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

"KNOW-HOW" means Writing Success for you. No Sales—No Fees tuition. Free N.2 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

PUBLISH your own book. Publisher offers facilities/advice. Box 4896.

PENMAN Club Members, throughout the world, receive market advice, and free criticism of all their MSS. S.A.E. for prospectus. No obligation. The General Secretary, Dept. S, Penman House, 378a London Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

MATHS for Matric., Inter. Rustomjee. 4 Carlingford Rd. N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

ORDINARY Writing at 110-120 word per min. All langs. Test lesson 2½d. Dutton Speedwords NS 92/3, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1gn. to 5gns. a box. One quality, the best! Write for Catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

HUMANISM is now an International Movement. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. Wes. 2341.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

DOUGLAS V. Morgan, private astrologer, would send a reliable reading of your life, for birthdate, 10s. 6d. Fairfield, Energlyn, Caerphilly.

VANITY preserved without deliberate dishonesty by photographer who specialises in portraits of those who detest the camera. John Vickers, 29B Belgrave Rd., S.W.1.

MR. Robert St. John sees private and clinic patients for the Bates System of Visual Re-education in London and Liverpool. 72 Gloucester Place, W.1. WEL. 4042.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WELbeck 6655 for details.

P.S.—Harold Ingham is now a limited company! Alas, his Summer Schools parties are also limited companies (in numbers) and there are now few places vacant, but you may yet be lucky if you apply very quickly to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

KENT Summer School, Folkestone, 29th Annual Session, August 3—17, 1955. Principal: Professor W. O. Lester Smith, C.B.E. (formerly Professor of the Sociology of Education in the University of London Institute of Education) for specialist teachers in Grammar, Technical and other secondary schools courses in English, History, Geography, Mathematics, Biology, Chemistry, Physics, Housecraft and Physical Education for Women. Inclusive fee for resident students: Kent—£4 10s., non-Kent—£18. Day students: Kent—£2 5s., non-Kent—£9. (Social subscription 5s.) (Cricket, Tennis, Social Events and Swimming). Prospectus obtainable from the County Education Officer, Springfield, Maidstone, to whom applications (on the prescribed form) should be sent by May 31 at latest.

QUAKER International Seminar for thirty young graduates or equivalent standing, ages 21-35, topic "Human Factors in International Relations." Rev. W. W. Simpson, Council of Christians and Jews, Otto van der Sprenkel, Geoffrey Wilson, Richard Ullmann, etc. July 4-24, £12 12s. including excursions, Whan Cross, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks. Apply International Seminar Programme, Friends' House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

CHINA. Enjoy a week-end and School in lovely countryside at Surrey Crest, June 11-12. 30s. Tutors: Messrs. A. Clegg, A. T. D'Eye, John Horner. Discussions, brains trust, music, social, ramble. Details from Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

HOLIDAY course for Continental students. The 9th Course will be held this summer from July 21-Sept. 1. Young people of all nationalities welcome. English lectures. Graduate staff. All sports. Large estate. Private beach, and plentiful food. Prospectus from the Secretary, Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

"LIVING a Life & Earning a Living": a Summer School, Jun. 1-15, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon., also vacancies for Whit.

LEATHERHEAD Repertory Theatre Summer Drama Schools. Also Interval Theatre Club, London, W.1, Summer Drama Schools. All under direction of Marian Naylor. 7-, 10- or 14-day schools July-Sept. Fees 4½-6gns. Courses for teachers, actors, producers in acting technique, speech, make-up, improvisation, production, etc., under Professional Staff. Syllabuses from: Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

VIENNA University Summer School. German language courses for beginners & advanced. Enquire: Four Seasons Travel, 49 Dover St., London, W.1. GRO. 7853.

SPAIN, Ronda Andalusia, Borough Bottega Art Hol. Cen. Tuitn. David Bomberg. Begnrs. or adv. Magnif. site above primitive caves with exped. by horse & mule. 7gns. wkly. inc. en pens. Ronda. Camp. on estate. Hoit, 30 Steeles Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 9190, or Casa de la Virgen de la Cabeza Ronda.

DRAMA Summer School nr. Broadstairs, July 23-Aug. 6. £9 15s. incl. Partics. City Literary Inst., Stukeley St., W.C.2.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, May 2 to September 16, 1955. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

ST. Peter's Loft, St. Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio and workshop. Peter Lanyon—William Redgrave—Terry Frost. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials, Lectures. Accommodation arranged.

STUDENTSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Metcalfe Studentship for Women. Applications are invited for the Metcalfe Studentship for Women, which is of the value of £60* for one year. Candidates must be graduates of a University of the United Kingdom and must be prepared to undertake research at the London School of Economics on some social, economic or industrial problem to be approved by the University. Applicants who do not know the result of their Degree Examinations may make provisional application. Applications, on a prescribed form, must reach the Academic Registrar, University of London, at the Senate House, London, W.C.1 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than May 24, 1955. * In certain circumstances the Ministry of Education may supplement emoluments of this Studentship at their normal rates.

UNIVERSITY of Nottingham. Senior Research Studentship. One Senior Studentship, value £500 per annum for a maximum of three years, is offered as from October 1, 1955, for research in Civil, Electrical, Mechanical or Mining Engineering, or in Metallurgy. Candidates must be graduates who have had not less than two years' suitable experience in industry subsequent to graduation, or who are corporate members of a professional institution. Postgraduate Studentships and Scholarships. A number of postgraduate awards of varying values up to £300 per annum for a maximum of three years will be awarded to graduates wishing to pursue research in any appropriate field of learning in Arts, Law, Social Science, Education, Pure Science, Agriculture or Horticulture. Further information relating to any of the above may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom forms of application must be returned by July 1, 1955.

STUDENTSHIPS, etc.—*continued*

UNIVERSITY of London. Applications are invited for the Sneyford Brooke English Literature Scholarship, which is of the value of approximately £140* for one year. Candidates must be graduates of a University and must be prepared to undertake research in any branch of English Literature, including Mediæval, in one of the Colleges or Schools of the University of London. Applications, on a prescribed form, must reach the Academic Registrar, University of London, Senate House, London, W.C.1 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) by June 1, 1955. *In certain circumstances the Ministry of Education may supplement the emoluments of this Scholarship at their normal rates.

BURSARIES of £50 to £350 from the Joseph Rowntree Village Trust and the Eleanor Rathbone Charitable Trust will be awarded this year for training in Housing Management. Graduates preferred. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Society of Housing Managers, 13 Suffolk St., Pall Mall, S.W.1.

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LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6d., postage 3d. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

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SIMPLE Country Guest House, lovely Cotswold valley. Own produce. 5½-7gns. Whit week-end 18s.-21s. dly. Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Painswick 2312.

CASTLE Rock Hotel (A.A.-R.A.C.), Port Isaac, Cornwall. Unrivalled situation overlooking bay. Licensed club, sun lounge, television, garages. Noted for cuisine, comfort & service. Reduced incl. terms to mid-July 7½-8½gns. Illustrated brochure. 'Phone 219. Victor Hilton recommended.

BEXHILL—Whitsun vacancies. Country House near sea. Own produce. Children welcome. Terms mod. "The Thorne," Ninfield Rd., Bexhill-on-Sea. (Ninfield 212.)

FARM and Country Holidays: Guide for 1955 describing Britain's Best Holiday Farms and Guest Houses. Pages of pictures. 3s. 3d. post paid. Farm Guide, Dept. S.N., 18 High Street, Paisley.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Old Norton House, only in its third season, has built a reputation for its cooking, its rooms and furnishings, its atmosphere and unique position on the Green of this famous seaside and downland village. Overflowing for Whitsun—but some rooms free in May/June, July. Aug. is difficult. 8 & 9gns. Brochure with pleasure. Tel. 3120. Prop. Donald Chapman.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

ISLE of Wight—few paying guests welcome in country house with large garden overlooking sea in secluded, unspoilt part of island. Children welcomed. Mod. charges, no extras. Good food. Beauchamp, St. Lawrence, Nr. Ventnor. 'Phone Niton 422.

HORSHAM—Convalescence at Honeywood House, Rowhook, Horsham, Sussex. 'Phone Oakwood Hill 389. Ideal for rest and recuperation. Full nursing attention. Dietetics, Physiotherapy, Building and Slimming Diets. Beautiful country residence. Wireless every bedroom. Excellent cuisine. Apply brochure.

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PEACE and good food in beautiful surroundings. Easy access Pisa, Lucca, Lerici, Viareggio. High season 1,900 lire per day, otherwise 1,600. Villa Massoni, Massa Centro, Tuscany.

PORTUGAL. Englishman's country house, near Lisbon in Sintra mountains; unspoilt country, near sea. Board-lodging including wine, Aug., Sept., Oct. 5gns. weekly. No extras. Powell, Avenida Infante Santo 372, 5.D., Lisbon.

HOTEL Château des Costes, Le Castellet (Var), Near Toulon. Pension without extras and including wine, 1500 francs a day July 15 to August 30. Other months 1300 francs a day. Modern sanitation. Beautiful view & surroundings. Suit artist or writer. Highly recommended. FLAxman 7951.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel, beautiful, quiet sit. above sandy beach. Mod. comforts, 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Red. rates to June 30 and after Sept. 10. Ill. broch.: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

SPAIN, Costa Brava. Small mod. Pension facing sea. H. & c., good ckg. (No Aug. vacs.) Bella Costa, Llafranch, Gerona.

BELGIAN Coast: Private hotel "Les Mouettes," Digue de mer, 6 Wenduine. Really restful holiday. Seabathing free. Homely, family atmos. Glorious sand. Welc. British visitors. Best food. Reas. May, June, Sept. 125-150frs. July/Aug. 160/175frs.

THE new 1955-56 edition of "The Good Food Guide" is now ready. Contains nearly 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price. Nearly a third of the entries are new. The standard goes higher every year. 5s. from all booksellers. Published by Cassell.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CONTENTS of May "Plebs." "The Budget and the Election," by the Rt. Hon. Arthur Woolburn; "Rents Without Repairs," by J. L. Williams; "Lies and Statistics," by John Bright; "Labour Rules London," by the Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, C.H., M.P.; "Life Without Pink Forms," by J. P. M. Miller; "Tape Recorders and the N.C.L.C.'s Work"; "Colonial Problems," by Marjorie Nicholson; "This Wicked World"; Parv from the Press and Reviews, etc. "Plebs" (a 6d., by post 7½d., or 7s. a year, from the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

SATIRICAL gem by "Sancho Panza" entitled "The New Conservatism" appears in the Special Election Number of "Labour Monthly," now on sale. Also famous drawing of Einstein by Kapp. Order 1s. 6d. all agents, or half year's subscription 9s. from NS, 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

KHRUSHCHOV on Grain Production. Moscow University's 200 years (A. Rothstein). Motor Tour in Caucasus (R. Parker). Turkmen Folk Tale. And articles on Architecture, Ballet, Electrification, &c. Anglo-Soviet Journal, Vol. XVI, No. 1 (Spring, 1955). From S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8, or bookshops. 2s. 6d., post free 2s. 9d.

SHORT Story Readers—Try New Writer "Out of Character," by Edgar Bates 1s. 6d. Fr. Booksellers. Obtainable through recog. London wholesalers. Well-received.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

"HEALTHY Childhood," by Jessie H. Thomson. Kindly guidance from infancy through school age. By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

GERMAN literature bought and sold. Continental Book Supply, 24 Whitechurch Lane E.1. By appointment only. MOU 1482.

FREE catalogues of books on Occultism, Mysticism, Yoga, Oriental Religions, and all allied subjects from The Aquarian Book Service, 30 Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

BOOKS bought. Van collects London area. The Hammersmith B'kshop. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Last 2 days "Arden." Com. May 17: Spanish Fiesta. Tu.-Fri. 7.45. St. 5.30 & 8.30.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place (nr. Islington Town Hall), Tavistock Rep. in "Rocket to the Moon," last 2 perfs. tonight Fri. & tomorrow Sat., 7.30. "The Gentle People" by Irwin Shaw opens Fri., May 20, 7.30. Also Sat. 21, Sun. 22 (mems. only) Thurs. 26, Fri. 27, Sat. 28. Seats 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s. bookable. CAN. 5111 after 7.

ARTS, Tem. 3334. 7.30 (ex. M.), St. Sun. 5 & 8. "The Midnight Family." Mems.

UNITY. Eus. 5391. "Russian for Yes," comedy on Anglo-Soviet relations. Mems.

MARIONETTE Theatre, Highgate. Perfs. every Sun. at 3 & 7. Seats: ARC. 6595.

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Japanese Film Season. Until May 15: "The Saga of Anatahan" (X). From May 16: Spring Marx Brothers Festival: "Animal Crackers" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Open to public Sat., May 14. Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray in "The Marrying Kind" (A) director Geo. Cukor. 2, 4, 6, 8.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Rd., E.2. Programme of Art Films for Adults. Sundays at 2.30 p.m. and 4 p.m. Admission free. May 15, "Legend of the True Cross" (Piero della Francesca), "Fêtes Galantes" (Watteau), "Images Medievales" (Medieval illuminated MS.). May 22, "Georges Braque," "Maillol," "Pieter Breughel the Elder."

SCALA Theatre. Sun. next, May 15, 7 p.m. Soviet Colour Film Premières. "Men of the Caspian Sea" exciting story of oil-drilling under the sea. "Mongolian People's Republic," first film here from Mongolia, with commentary by Ivor Montagu. Tkts. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. from Educ. Cttee., British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1 (CLE. 4161) up to 1 p.m. Sat., and from Theatre from 6.15 p.m. Sun.

I.C.A. Dancing to the Dave de Vere Group, Sat., May 14, 8-11 p.m. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s., guests 5s. Membership invited.

THE Valley View Fellowship Camp presents a dance at Victoria Halls (North Suite), Bloomsbury Sq., to the music of Frank Howard. Sat., May 14, 7.30-11. 6s.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. Dance, Sat., May 14, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tkts. 4s. 6d.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall (Recital Room). Thurs., May 19, at 7.45 p.m. Valentina Aksarova, soprano, and Malcolm Troup, pianist. Programme includes songs by Stravinsky (1st perf.), Roussel and Tchaikovsky and works by Benjamin Britten, Poulenc & Liszt. Tickets 9s., 7s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 3s.

ROYAL Festival Hall. "The Genius of Bach." Weekly Bach concerts & organ recitals Wednesdays until May 25 at 5.45. May 18—Geraint Jones Singers & Orchestra (Conductor—Geraint Jones). Leaflets & tickets from Hall (WAT. 3191) & Agents.

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Concert of 18th Century Music. Haydn, Purcell, FitzWilliam, Mozart, Bach, Telemann. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room, this Sat., May 14, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

SHOSTAKOVICH 7th and 10th Symphonies. Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra. Cond. E. Mravinsky. Tape-recording recital, Sun., May 15, 7 p.m., at S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. and students 1s.).

OPERATIC Concert. Excerpts from Moniuszko's "Halka," Szymanowski's "King Roger" and Szeligowski's "Scholars' Revolt" (1st Engl. perf.) with Joyce Gartside (soprano), Trefor Jones (tenor), the W.M.A. Singers, conductor Alan Bush, Geraldine and Mary Peppin at the piano. Indian Students Union, 41 Fitzroy Square, W.1. Thursday, May 19, 7.30. Tickets 5s., 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. from Polish Institute, 81 Portland Pl., W.1. LAN. 1417, and at door.

CONCERT—Songs & Dances from Asia and Africa. May 16. Conway Hall, Holborn, 7 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d. Available from Ceylon Students Assoc., 7 Clarendon Pl., W.2.

MARY Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Pl., W.C.1, Thursday, May 19, 8 p.m., Concert of works by Bach, Barsanti, Purcell, Telemann. Soloists: Ilse Wolf, Janet Baker, Gerald English, Norman Platt. Orchestra, Choir, Cond. W. Bergmann.

HAYDN Orchestra c. Volker Wangenheim (Berlin), Wigmore Hall, Monday next 7.30. Soloists: Clare Walmesley (soprano) and Peter Wallfisch (piano). Music by Haydn, Mozart and Thomas Eastwood (Cantata). 9s., 6s., 5s., 3s., from Hall & Chappell's.

HAGUE Chamber Choir at Wigmore Hall. Tuesday, May 17, 7.30. 16th century a cappella works, 1st perfs. in England of Sutermeister Cantata 2, Koechlin's Les Etoiles, Backers' Musical Aphorisms, &c. Trois Chansons (Ravel). 9s., 6s., 3s. Mgt. N. Choveaux, 28 Bury Walk, S.W.3.

JAMES Blades will give his Lecture-Demonstration on the orchestral instruments of percussion. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Sat., May 21, 8.15. WAT. 3191

CONCERTS—continued

WIGMORE Hall. Wed. next, May 18, at 5 p.m. The Anglo-German Association presents "Schiller Feier," to commemorate the 150th anniversary of Schiller's Death. Opening Address by Dr. Eugen Gurster (Head of the Cultural Division of the German Diplomatic Mission) Recital of Schiller's Poetry by Will Quadflieg, Songs by Schubert, Uta Graf Soprano, Colin Kingsley Piano, Beethoven Octet in E flat, Op. 103 London Baroque Ensemble. Under the direction of Karl Haas. Tkts. 2s. 6d. at Hall. WEL. 2141/agents.

HANDEL'S Opera "Deidamia" (English Version by Edward J. Dent) on Friday, June 3 at 7.30 p.m. (First performance since 1741) with Marion Studholme, John Kentish, Iris Kells, Norman Walker. Conductor: Charles Farncombe. St. Pancras Town Hall. Tickets: 7s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., Chappells and usual agents.

COWDRAY Hall, Cavendish Sq., W.1. Mon., May 16, 8 p.m. Joyce Harwood (mezzo), Michael Chazan (piano), Robert Sutherland (accom.). Works by Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Brahms, Sibelius, Bloch. Tickets 5s., 3s. 6d. from Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1. MAY. 7600, and at door.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings by Claude Venard. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. Picasso—63 drawings (1953-54) and 10 Bronzes. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30. Until June 4.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. New Paintings by Jack Smith. Until June 4.

CHRISTIAN Sculpture To-Day. St. John's Wood Church, N.W.8. Weekdays 12.30-8 p.m. Sun. 12-2 p.m. & 7.30-8.30 p.m.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Three exhibitions of new paintings by Sidney Nolan, Cecil Michaelis & David Peretz. Hrs. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes May 28.

TATE Gallery, Millbank, S.W.1. Works by Paul Klee from the collection of Mrs. Edward Hulton. Admission free. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8; Sun., 2-6. Closing date June 5.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Paintings by Mark Tobey. Mon.-Fri. 10.30-6 p.m. Saturdays until 1 p.m. Closed Suns. Mems. free. Adm. 1s.

CONTEMPORARY Art: Loan Exhibition organised by Finsbury Art Group (Chairman Eric Newton). Pictures lent by Tate Gallery and Contemporary Art Society. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (nr. Sadler's Wells). May 17-28 (except Sunday), 12.30-7.30 daily. Admission free.

PARSONS Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. First Exhibition by E. A. Economou & John Bowles. May 9-27. Mon-Fri. 10-5. Free.

ABSTRACT Painting from Paris. de Stael, Soulages, Hartung, Manessier. Symon Quinn Gallery, 34 Victoria Lane, Huddersfield, to May 31.

CARL Fredrik Hill. An Exhibition of paintings & drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till May 24. Mons. Weds. Fris. Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. French Paintings & Drawings of the 19th & 20th Century.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Pierre Soulages.

SLATTER Gallery. Exhibition Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St., W.1.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street. The Serenity of Early Italian Painting. 10-5. Sats. 10-1.

RORSTRAND Exhibition. Modern Swedish Pottery in Table Settings at the Tea Centre, 22 Lower Regent St., S.W.1. Until May 21. Film show 1.15, 1.45, 4.45 & 5.15 Mon.-Fri. 11.30 a.m. Sat. Admission free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

NEW Lithographs by Margret Kroch-Frishman. The Everyman Foyer, Hampstead. May 2-May 30.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Collection of French Paintings. Until May 28.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Christoforou: new paintings. 11-5.30.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"THE Challenge of South Africa." The Bishop of Johannesburg will speak at the Archway Central Hall, N.19 (opposite Archway Underground station), 8 p.m., Thurs., May 19. Tkts. from Africa Bureau, 69 Great Peter St., S.W.1. Abbey 4946.

AFRO-ASIAN Students' Conference. May 15. Holborn Hall, London, W.C.1. 10 a.m.-9 a.m. All welcome.

P.R.O. to High Commissioner of India S. K. Shastri on "Background to Modern India," Thursday, May 19, 8.15 p.m. Anglo-Israeli Club, 43/44 Gt. Windmill Street, W.1. Admission free.

"RELIGION Today: Is It Necessary?" Dr. R. F. Rattray: "The Shavian Religion I Believe In"; Hope House, 45 Gt. Peter St. (off Gt. Smith St.), S.W.1. Fri., May 20, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 2s. 6d. at door/fr. Shaw Soc. 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

ANDREW Rothstein on his new Penguin, "Peaceful Co-existence"—vital issue of the General Election. Hampstead Town Hall, Mon. May 16, 8 p.m. 6d. B.S.F.S.

"SOVIET Education, 1937-55." Lady Simon of Wythenshawe (visited U.S.S.R. April, 1955). Wed., May 18, 7 p.m. At College of Preceptors, 2/3 Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 1s.).

ALL Nations' Social Club. "Europe's Place in the World To-day," by Douglas Robinson (Secretary, Federal Union). Wed., May 18, at 8 p.m., at 83 Chiltern St. (nr. Baker St. Stn.). Questions and discussion. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (near Holborn Tube Stn.). Thurs., May 19, 7.30. Bhagavad-Gita. All welcome.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m., Thursday, May 19: "Schopenhauer on Character." Admission free.

THE Buddhist Vihara Society in England. The Venerable Pandit Mirisse Gunasiri Maha Thero, on "Panca Sila—The Five Precepts." Sunday, May 15, 3 p.m. 10 Ovington Gdns., S.W.3. All are welcome.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15 p.m., Fri., May 20. Major A. A. Khan (Commercial Secretary (Trade) in the High Commission for Pakistan): "Cultural Heritage of Pakistan." 62 Queen's Gdns., Bayswater.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture Sundays 8 p.m. May 15: The Buddha's Heart Doctrine.

DONALD Ford: "The Delinquent Child." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., May 15, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

BUDDHIST Society. Wed., May 18 at 6.30 p.m. Special Public Meeting at Junior Institution of Engineers, 14 Rochester Row, S.W.1 (behind Army and Navy Stores). "Buddhist Meditation and Western Psychology": Dr. Edward Conze.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 p.m., Sunday, May 15, King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1, nr. Bond Street Stn. Discourse. Pandit Usharbudh Arya: "Science and Religion."

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. Fri., May 13, 8 p.m. Phyllis Bedells, "Russian and English Ballet." Mon. 16, 8 p.m. M. Dobuzhinsky, "Novgorod" (in Russian). May 20, 8 p.m. W. W. Miller, "Russian Countryside & Character."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

SIR BASIL Henriques on "Anti-Social Behaviour" on Wednesday, May 18 at 7 p.m. at St. George's Institute, Bourdon Street, W.1. Tickets 2s. at door or from I.S.T.D., 8 Bourdon St., W.1.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Anglo-Frisian and Dutch" will be given by Professor P. N. U. Harting (Amsterdam) at 5.30 p.m. on May 23, at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

LONDON Natural Health Society. 3rd Mon. each month, 7.29 p.m., Caxton Hall, S.W.1. May 16: Doris Grant, "Dear Housewives . . . Your Daily Bread." Free. Hon Sec.: 50 St. George's Drive, S.W.1.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., May 15. S. K. Ratcliffe, "Seven Prime Ministers." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request.

MUSIC of Hungary, Rumania & Jugo-Slavia pres. by E. Mantus at Central Jewish Lit. Wed., May 18, 8 p.m. Folman's, Noel St. (off Berwick St.), W.1. Visitors 2s. 6d.

"POLISH Folk Costume." Lecture by Barbara Morris at the Polish Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1. Tuesday, May 17, 6.30 p.m. Adm. free. Chair.: Mrs. K. Harris. Exhibition of costumes and textiles.

THE Liguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. May 21, 6 p.m. M. Michel la Lovarn (Alliance Française). "A la recherche des français."

ALL-Party Election Forum of Prospective Candidates (Lab., Cons., Comm.) from St. Pancras N. Thurs., May 19, 7.30. Club International, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1.

YOGA and the Human Mind. Lectures at Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, W.1. Every Tues. at 6.30 p.m. Tues. next, May 17: "Creative Tranquillity." Arr. by Shanti Sadan, 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on "Existentialist Politics." Tuesday, May 17, Conway Hall, W.C.1. 7.30 p.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

FEDERATION Internationale des Communautés d'Enfants (founded by Unesco in 1948). Whitsun General Assembly and Conference. May 27-31 at Courcelles, near Charleroi, Belgium. (1) L'education dans la Perspective des Droits de l'Homme et de l'Enfant. 2. Les Préjugés en Education. Visit to the Children's City at Marcinelle. Nominal charge for accommodation 200 Belgian francs. Registration and further particulars from Hon. Sec., 18 Campden Grove, London, W.8.

WORK Study in Offices. 1 week courses June 6 & 13. N.-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5. GUL. 1154.

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